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THE "STATUE OF LIBERTY" ONE THOUSAND YEARS LATER: WAITING.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 30, 1884.

CAUTION.

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GENERAL BUTLER'S MANIFESTO.

WHATEVER else may or must be said of General Butler, it cannot be denied that he is a picturesque figure in American politics. He is gamey, too, always making defeat the corner-stone of fresh hopes and more daring expedients. His ambition to be President has survived disappointments that would have driven any other man from the field, and to-day he is apparently as hopeful as ever of eventually securing the prize. It has been his misfortune, we think, to reside in a State where the Republican Party has had an overwhelming majority, and where the number of eligible aspirants to office has been very large, and the standard of official life unusually high. If he had lived in some closely divided State, where recruits from the Democracy were necessary to turn the scale, and where the moral standard of politics is somewhat lower than in Massachusetts, we think his career as a Republican might perhaps have been as honorable and successful as that of Governor Morton of Indiana. In Massachusetts the number of men who felt that they had an hereditary right to leadership was large, and they would not admit Butler to their sacred circle, but made a combined attack upon his vulnerable points, which unfortunately are neither few nor obscure.

From the outset of his career General Butler's professions have won for him the interest and confidence of a large portion of the so-called laboring classes, who have admired him for his ability and pluck, and been ready in many cases to cross party lines for the sake of voting for him. We fear it must be admitted that in all this he is something of a demagogue; but in a country like ours a great many political aspirants are apt to exhibit that quality in a greater or less degree. General Butler has taken special pains to win the favor and confidence of workmen, and it has been his hope of late years to control the Democratic Party by their means. He went to the Chicago Convention this year with some expectation, no doubt, of getting himself nominated for the Presidency as the one man who could control the vote of the workers for wages. He was, however, doomed to disappointment, and now he presents himself to the public as the candidate of the Greenback-Labor and Anti-Monopoly parties, and his recent address to his "constituents" is a bold arraignment of the Republican and Democratic parties as false to the interests of the laboring classes, and an earnest appeal to those classes to rally to his support. Of course, he does not expect success in this campaign, but he hopes to keep a party well organized for future operations, and as a spring-board under his feet from which he may leap into the White House in 1888. He evidently hopes for the defeat of the Democrats this year, and if his hopes are fulfilled he will say to them, "See what you have got by treating the demands of the workers for wages with contempt." Of course, this is a virtual reminder that he is the only man who can win the battle for them four years hence.

His letter makes some strong points, to which the politicians of both parties would do well to take heed. They may call it a demagogue's plea if they will, but it contains a great deal of truth which it will not be safe for them to disregard. The relations of labor and capital, in all their ramifications, demand careful and conscientious consideration, and cannot be much longer evaded. If statesmen of both parties will meet the question fairly and justly, making reasonable concessions to those who think themselves injured by current legislation, all will be well; otherwise, the future will be full of danger.

General Butler's proposal for Fusion electoral tickets with the minority party in the several States is ingenious, but will, we are quite sure, prove impracticable. It is likely, however, to be tried in some of the Western States. On the whole, it seems probable that his movement will tend to the disintegration of the Democratic party in certain localities, while it will injure the Republicans for the most part in States where they have at least only a meagre chance of success.

THE COMING OPERA SEASON.

THE splendid promise of a long-continued period of Italian opera in New York, rendered in its highest form, and which seemed to be vouchsafed by the new Metropolitan Opera House, now exists no more. One

season alone has proved that this costly luxury is more even than the many millionaires of New York will stand. Willing as they are to give this magnificent house rent free to a competent manager, with the additional bonus of \$1,500 a performance, no one has been found who will undertake to engage a creditable company in the face of the great disaster which befell Mr. Abbey as the initial manager. The reason of this is plain. Transatlantic artists have come to demand such exorbitant salaries that no operative speculation of respectable rank can begin to pay its originator. The truth is, from Patti down, the singers demand compensation vastly greater than can be obtained in the Old World for the same service where the opera is an institution of the State, partially sustained by Government subsidy; and this will continue as long as Americans are willing to pay double prices for seats in the auditorium. It thus transpires that no manager can be found for the Metropolitan Opera House, unless it be for German or English opera, and even then the singers can scarcely belong to the front rank.

In this state of things it is to be hoped that the directors will appreciate the popular taste and do what they can to foster the rapidly growing love for English opera. Recent experiments in this city have thoroughly demonstrated that New York will sustain English opera, even when indifferently given; but with the splendid mounting that can be had in the Metropolitan Opera House; with its grand stage and scenic apparatus, surely our mother tongue, when used by the first of our native singers, would inaugurate a musical era in the city and country that would have an enduring and salutary effect, and eventually lead us to a high national standard of our own. As it is now, one only has to go to Italian opera in the United States and witness the number of *librettos* used among the audience, and to note the almost universal ignorance of the language, besides the movement and structure of the opera, to understand that the entertainment is more a matter of pretence and fashion to the average auditor than that keen, intellectual and emotional treat which it should be. But in the performances of English opera, such as those given at the Casino and the Bijou in this city, the text, the motive, the satire, the moral and the articulation are within reach of all, and these two resorts have abundantly shown that both spectacle and the lyric drama can be given upon the most imposing scale with every promise of a triumphant success.

Much, therefore, as Patti, Sembrich, Nilsson, Campanini, Trebelli, Gerster and others will be regretted during the coming season, the American public would be amply repaid for the loss of our warblers who have made great reputations in Europe if they would return and expend their musical culture in their native vernacular and land. And there are some great names, too—Nevada, Van Zandt and Durand, not to speak of some of those familiar to our boards, Emma Abbott, Clara Louise Kellogg and Miss Thursby.

A "NEW" DRESS-REFORM.

WHEN Mrs. Trollope visited the United States, a generation ago, she was heart-broken over the vagaries of certain tall Bloomerines, whose bifurcated garment she held up to the scorn of serenely conservative Europe as a truly American freak shortly to perish in all its hideous perversity on these barbarian shores. But the other day a lady, Mrs. King, who represents the ideas, and wears the costume of the "Rational Dress Association of England," arrived in Canada, and will proceed to disseminate her doctrines there and in the United States. From staid England, and the fortress of the Conventional, she ambitiously brings her "trousers for women," and heroically refuses the euphuistic phrase of "divided skirts." She wears a loose-flowing vest and basque, a short, draped skirt, and trousers of the same materials instead of petticoats. Some of her followers have organized a dress exhibition to be held in San Francisco this Fall, similar to one recently held in London. A large portion of her crusade is to be directed against the men, whom she wishes to pledge "moral aid and comfort" to those women who adopt her costume. In the words of a celebrated Hoosier it is "a rather large cawnttrack" that these enthusiasts have undertaken; they must either persuade a majority of the women of America to adopt these garments in spite of masculine ridicule, or they must convince a majority of the men of America that lovely woman is never half so fair as when arrayed in—in "divided skirts."

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

THE opening of the public schools after the Summer vacation invites consideration of the more important defects in our system of education. Although we write of the defects of the system we are by no means blind to its many and great excellences. These excellences are confessedly so many and so great as to free any attempt to point out existing needs, and to suggest remedies from the charge of an assault on the whole system of public schools.

The schools are, on the whole, defective in preparing pupils for their life's work. They are too far removed from the actual duties and problems which most men and women are required to meet. They fail to furnish as suitable an equipment as they ought to provide for the

struggles of mature years. They are founded too exclusively on the idea that some boy may become President of the United States, rather than on the basis that nine boys out of every ten will become clerks, bookkeepers, carpenters, and machinists. No one would venture to deny that the schools ought to fit their scholars as completely as possible for all the duties of life. This aim is the fundamental purpose of education. But the course of study, and particularly the method of its pursuit, necessarily fail to achieve this end. That the scholar should be able to read and to write with care and correctness, that he should be able to speak his native tongue with accuracy, that he should be able to perform the simpler and more common arithmetical calculations, that he should know somewhat of the structure and needs of his body, and somewhat of the history, geography and topography of his country, and of the world, are sentiments which would receive universal assent. Not only do the schools attempt to fulfill these demands in a simple way, but they essay even to fulfill them in an extreme degree. It is upon the more advanced departments of these common studies that the larger part of the time, money and strength of scholar and teacher is expended. The square and cube roots of arithmetic, the naming of the bones and muscles of the human form, the refined intricacies of geography are important and useful, but they are not so important nor useful as the elements of arithmetic, hygienic and geographical science. It is these elements which are neglected, it is these higher departments which are unduly emphasized in the public common school. The needless is overrated and the essential is underrated. Education is thus made too much an abstract science, mere abstract knowledge, and too little an art—a practice. Education should be made intensely practical in the best meaning of this abused word. Industrial training should be introduced into every school. The education of the hand should accompany the education of the brain. Girls should be taught the elements of housekeeping, and especially of cooking, and boys should learn the use of the simple mechanical tools.

We venture further to suggest that the schools do not pay sufficient attention to the moral training of their scholars. We do not mean that religious instruction ought to be given. We would not argue for the reading of the Bible in the public school. But we do mean, and would argue for, instruction in the cardinal virtues of honesty and justice, of fortitude and temperance, and in such subordinate virtues as tenderness, courtesy, and self-respect. That the moral nature is as important as the intellectual would be granted. Yet, though the intellectual nature is the great object of instruction and discipline, the instruction and discipline of the moral character is made a mere incident. A special hour on a special theme should be set for its training. The public school should make some attempt to beat back the flood of juvenile crime and sin which beats in upon every city and village. It should endeavor to make men and women of purity and nobleness, as well as scholars of acumen and comprehensive knowledge.

But, perhaps, the most serious defect, and one comprehending the two points already considered, is the lack of competent teachers. Compared to the compensation, the common school commands a higher order of talent than any trade or profession. But the compensation is in most States too petty to invite intellectual and moral ability at all commensurate with the responsibilities devolving on the teacher. The State of Iowa pays the teachers of its ungraded schools an annual salary of only \$150. It pays the day-laborer \$2 and boards him. Such a pittance degrades the profession and shuts out those who, under proper conditions, ought to, and would, enter it. The salaries of the higher teachers in many metropolitan schools are sufficient to command good, and, in certain instances, even first-rate talent; but in the rural districts, in which three-quarters of all the children reside, better pay would secure better teachers, and better teachers would tend to form better boys and girls, better men and women. For, after all, it is the teacher, rather than the knowledge taught, that is the important factor in education.

THE PEARL OF THE ANTILLES.

THE bastion of a mountain wall that "once made the Caribbean Sea as land-locked as the Mediterranean," is what Humboldt calls Cuba, that fertile tropic realm one and a half times the area of Ireland, that misgoverned, enslaved, systematically robbed island-empire that seems likely to become an important problem in American politics, since the faintest suggestion of a future "German Protectorate" over Spain's last colony is a menace to Republican institutions. The briefest review of the Cuban question will show its intrinsic difficulties and peculiar dangers. Spain, whose complex colonial system was once more extensive than that of Rome in her palmyest days, has clung, with the obstinacy of Philip II. and the affection of Alva, to this land of the gentle Siboneyes whom Columbus found, Velasquez enslaved, and Las Casas vainly endeavored to protect. It has been a much-named island, but under all names and at all seasons it has been a place where official corruption thrived, and honest industry was driven to the wall. The worst vices of liberty-hating despotism have been manifested in Spanish rule over Cuba; and the community from which in 1868 annual taxes to the

amount of twenty-six millions of dollars—six millions of which went to Spain—were wrung by methods closely akin to those which oppress the Egyptian fellah, is now thoroughly and hopelessly bankrupt. The time seems near at hand when a change of some sort must occur. Civilization, too long heedless, asks what is to be the end, and what is the duty of the United States?

The desire of the Absolutist Party in the Congress of Verona, October, 1822, to coerce the revolted Spanish colonies, led to Monroe's American Doctrine. Since that time questions connected with Cuba and the Cubans have assumed international significance on many occasions. In 1848 England and France were told that Cuba must not pass into other hands without the consent of the United States. The evident disinclination of Spain to sell Cuba to this republic under any circumstances, joined to the equally evident unwillingness on the part of thoughtful Americans to burden our sufficiently loaded system with the dilemma of Cuban suffrage, or a Cuban dependency, only accentuates the difficult angles of the problem. The acquisition of Cuba could not but mark a most momentous change in our own national policy. If Cuba could win her own freedom by the sword international consent would preserve her autonomy, but her one great opportunity was lost when the revolt neglected to attract the disbanded soldiers of the South, at the close of the civil war. A thorough victory of the Liberals in Spain would give Cuba reform and a new life. But the report that German influence prevails at Madrid, and that Bismarck is maturing a vigorous colonial policy looking to predominant influence in North and Central America and the West Indies, is one that concerns every patriotic citizen. We must not ignore our responsibilities.

PRISON REFORM.

SO SOCIETIES for promoting reform in the management of prisons and for ameliorating our penal codes are far from being popular, and however discreetly they may do their work, a suspicion rests upon them of being too strongly influenced by sympathy with criminals. We believe this suspicion, in nine cases out of ten, is unjust, and that if the advice of these associations were generally heeded by the public, the most beneficent results would soon follow.

The impression is far too common that there is an irreconcilable conflict between the system of prison discipline demanded for the safety of the State and that which is best calculated to promote the welfare of the prisoner. We believe that no such conflict really exists, and that if it were possible to ascertain to a certainty the method of treatment best adapted to reform the greatest number of prisoners and restore them to the paths of honesty and virtue, it would be found upon experiment that that precise method is the one that would most surely conserve the interests of the State. In saying this, we are moved by no morbid sympathy for criminals; nor do we believe in any "rose-water" method of dealing with them. Their own good, as well as the public safety, requires that they should be made to feel that "the way of the transgressor is hard." To treat them as if their offences were trivial would be the surest way to confirm them in their evil courses. But, on the other hand, they should never be treated cruelly or brutally. Never should it be forgotten that, in spite of every moral perversity, they are men, capable by the help of God, of self-recovery. At every step they should be made to feel that their imprisonment is in no sense revengeful, and that the State desires nothing so much as to see them delivered from the power of every evil habit, and strengthened in the purpose and power of doing right.

It is because we believe the National Prison Association, formed some years ago under the direction of the late Dr. Wines, and lately rehabilitated under the most enlightened auspices, is dealing with this question of prison reform in the right spirit and with the noblest purposes and aims, that we desire to commend it to the hearty support of our readers. Its President is the Hon. Rutherford B. Hayes; its Secretary, Mr. Wm. M. F. Round; its Treasurer, the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. Among its directors are men and women who have long given careful and conscientious attention to the subject, and who are qualified by observation and experience to treat it wisely. The annual meeting of this Association will convene at Saratoga on the 6th of September, and it is expected that its discussions will possess unusual interest, covering as they will such questions as the convict lease system and the whole subject of labor for prisoners, the practicability of applying the principle of conditional release, and the real value of enforced systematic education as a reformatory agent, etc. The meeting will be held at the same time as the sessions of the American Social Science Association, and on Tuesday, the 9th of September, the two bodies will hold a joint meeting to consider the subject of Industrial Education in Prisons.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

DIPLMACY has apparently exhausted its resources for the settlement of the quarrel between France and China, and war now seems to be inevitable. China has absolutely refused to pay the indemnity, which was finally fixed at 80,000,000 francs, payable in ten years; the French Consul at Peking has lowered his flag; the Chinese Minister at Paris has received his passports; the French Admiral has been ordered to bombard Foo Chow, and hostili-

ties may be expected to open at any moment. China professes to be prepared for war, but her military strength is altogether unequal to a conflict with France, and while she has the right of the quarrel, she will undoubtedly be compelled, in the end, to succumb to the demands of the invader. The progress of the conflict will be watched with deep interest, and it is not impossible that out of it may come complications of vastly wider scope than have been foreseen. Such a result will certainly follow if France shall undertake to blockade the treaty ports, in the commerce with which England, Germany and our own country have special interests. These treaty ports now are twenty-one in number, not including Nanking, which the Peking Government consented to throw open to foreign commerce in a treaty made with France in 1858, and in which England was a full participant under the most favored nation clause, but which for various reasons was not opened until within a short time past. The British trade at these ports is one of no inconsiderable magnitude, and if it shall be interfered with by any action of France, the latter Power will quite certainly be called to account.

Germany appears to be taking bold, and even high-handed, measures to uphold what she considers her rights in West Africa. Dr. Nachtigall, the German Commissioner, has been passing along the coast from the Congo to Angra Pequena in a gunboat, and hoisting the German flag at points on the Rivers Cameroons and Bimbia, Upper Guinea. At Bageida, on the Gold Coast, one of the crew of the war-ship *Moene* went so far as to pull down the English union jack and raise the German colors in its place. It is now officially announced that Germany has annexed the entire territory between the Orange River and the twenty-fifth parallel of south latitude, a district about equal in extent to the State of New York; and adjacent to the British territory. This extension of German jurisdiction will probably lead to serious complications in the relations of the two Powers.

In the Soudan, the Mahdi is reported as busily engaged in organizing those districts which he has conquered. Slatin Bey and Hussein Pasha, the former Governor of Berber, with their followers, have joined him at El Obeid. The Mahdi's lieutenant, El Hoda, has attacked and defeated the friendly tribes at Merawe, and the corpses of the slain have been seen floating down the Nile past Debbeh. Nothing new has been heard from Khartoum. The relief expedition, under General Stephenson, is nearly ready to advance. The Nile is falling, which means a decrease of the danger of passing the cataracts. The Government censorship of the telegraphs has been re-established, and one of the new rules is that no code of ciphers shall be used over the wires, all dispatches being written out in plain English. This will greatly embarrass both press and commercial correspondents.

The advance of the cholera epidemic in the departments of southern and eastern France has not been startling, and at Marseilles and Toulon there is no change for the worse. There are signs of the restoration of confidence and the revival of employment and trade. From several towns in Northern Italy fatal cases of cholera are still reported daily, and one at Birmingham, England, and another at Waterford, Ireland, have caused discussion.

Anti-Jewish riots continue in southern Russia, and the latest dynamite explosion occurred at Kazan, where a considerable number of persons were killed and wounded, and several buildings were wrecked. The tenth annual conference of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the world is in session in Berlin, and the Emperor William has written expressing his sympathy with its objects. The Salvation Army has had another battle at Worthing, England, where the disturbance was so great that the Riot Act was publicly read. Dragons from Brighton rescued the Salvation forces from their assailants.

The Connecticut Peace Society evidently has the courage of its convictions. At its annual meeting last week, which was attended by 1,000 persons, a cable despatch was ordered to be sent to President Grévy and the Chinese Minister to France, imploring them to arbitrate the differences between the two countries, and while there is no evidence that the suggestion has been heeded, we can readily imagine that it must have created something of a ripple on the current of the negotiations then in progress. As a matter of fact, the quarrel which France has forced upon China, as we have said elsewhere, is altogether unjustifiable, and if war shall ensue, the aggressor will have little, if any, sympathy from Christian nations. In every view, it would still be wise for France to accept arbitration as proposed by the peacemakers of Connecticut.

The letter of Governor Cleveland accepting the Democratic nomination for President is in one respect in striking contrast with that of Mr. Blaine. While the latter entered into an exhaustive discussion of the more conspicuous issues of the canvass, Governor Cleveland contents himself with a simple acceptance of the honor tendered him, coupled with an approval of the party platform and a brief statement of his views as to one or two questions concerning which his attitude has been a matter of dispute. The letter, while not in the least remarkable as a literary performance, has the merit of being plain and straightforward, and it will perhaps be more acceptable to the party at large than a more pretentious deliverance would have been. Governor Hendricks's letter of acceptance is even more brief than that of his associate on the ticket, comprising in all only one hundred and sixty words. He declares that, while he neither expected nor desired the nomination for Vice-President, he accepts it from a high sense of public duty and in full accord with the declaration of principles adopted by the National Convention, adding that he will await with composure the judgment of his countrymen upon the candidacy to which he has been called.

The British, according to history, evacuated New York a century ago. They left numerous traces, however, in the nomenclature of our cities, streets, and public places; and not only do the English names stick, but of late years their number has been considerably augmented. This is particularly noticeable as regards hotels, restaurants and flats. These places are blazoned with the names Windsor, Westminster, Buckingham, St. George, Devonshire, Westmoreland and the like, to an extent that might lead the traveler to fancy himself in the United Kingdom instead of the United States. Is it that they are so christened with a view to attract that interesting guest, the British tourist? Certainly, the hotel which receives the most and the best of this kind of patronage in New York does not depend upon such a device, for it retains its old Dutch name—the Brevoort House. It is to be feared that the Bonifaces are suffering from an attack of that Anglomania which has not yet been quarantined or fumigated from our port. Does it not seem a pity that we should import tawdry and tarnished Windsors and Westminsters when there are so many sensible and beautiful native names? Of course, not all those of Indian origin are available, and we would not go so far as to assert that Chippassetahoochie House, or Hotel Mossete magantic, or even Chemquassabamtick Café would be just the thing for a house of public entertainment in the metropolis. Yet surely it would be possible to do better than

that misguided man of Gotham who called his table-d'hôte establishment—since gone from the face of the earth—the "Café Beaconsfield."

An interesting incident of the present political campaign in Maine was the celebration, on the 19th instant, at the town of Strong in that State, of the thirtieth anniversary of the organization of the Republican Party, or, rather, of the meeting of the first convention constituted of delegates chosen under an apportionment that adopted the distinctive party name of Republican, made a platform, and on it put in nomination candidates for the suffrages of the people. The convention for which this claim is made was held at Strong on the 7th of August, 1854, and of those who participated in it nearly one hundred were present at last week's jubilee. Mr. Blaine, who was the conspicuous figure of the day, while declining to commit himself to a positive support of the claim set up by the survivors of the convention, admitted that it was probably well-founded, though the thought out of which the Republican Party grew was common to the minds of a million of men. He added, in this connection, "Great parties never come by a whereas and a rule. Parties cannot be improvised or extemporized. They grow. They come from instinct and the masses of the people, and are not the product of political labors." These terse sentences embody no new truth, but there are a good many would-be architects who apparently imagine that it is as easy to build a party as it is to construct a pig-sty, to whom the old truth may be commended as worthy of careful consideration.

THE beautiful brown-eyed, velvet-skinned Maud S., queen of the turf, has been transferred from Mr. Vanderbilt's stables to those of Mr. Robert Bonner. Mr. Vanderbilt did not tire of his wonderful favorite, nor had he any fears of seeing her eclipsed by a rival. He simply wearied of the innumerable annoyances of his position as owner of the fastest trotter in the world. He was beset with solicitations, offers and challenges from professional turfmen and jockeys, until the pleasure of his possession was more than counteracted. Hence the sale of the mare to Mr. Bonner for \$40,000. Had money been an object, purchasers might have been found at double or even treble that sum; but Maud S. never trotted for money while she belonged to Mr. Vanderbilt, and he was determined that she should not be taken "hippodroming." The sentiment does him honor. He has owned the mare for six years, and in that time she has made the fastest quarter-mile, half-mile, mile, and the fastest three heats ever made on the trotting-course. In turning her over to Mr. Bonner, who is also the owner of Dexter and Rarus, he places her in good hands, and makes sure that she will be kept out of the hands of the professional people. Lovers of horseflesh, however, need not despair, for Mr. Bonner is already making arrangements to give a free exhibition of the powers of his new acquisition on her favorite track at Hartford, as soon as she can be properly trained. It is believed that she can do the mile a second or two faster than it has ever yet been done. This is not improbable. Maud S. is but ten years old, and many famous trotters have done their best work between that age and fifteen or eighteen.

THE American Art Association of New York city announces that a First Prize Fund Exhibition will be held at its new galleries next March, at which a number of prizes of \$2,500 each will be awarded, the pictures thus honored to become the property of one or more public museums. The prize fund is being raised, in conjunction with the American Art Association, by private subscription, and between \$7,000 and \$8,000 have already been pledged. Among the prominent subscribers whose names thus far have been announced are W. H. Vanderbilt, M. Knoedler, Louis Prang and Charles A. Dana. The jury of award is to be selected from among the subscribers, and the prize paintings are to be distributed among the museums by lot. The most important matter now to perfect, according to the circular issued by the Association, is the securing of proper contributions of work; for, in order that the project may be carried out, the assurance of every American artist of repute, at home and abroad, that they will send worthy examples, must be obtained. Some of the details of the project, as outlined by the Association, may, and doubtless will, provoke criticism, but clearly its general idea and aim commend it to cordial encouragement. The establishment of the Clarke and Hallgarten prizes at the Academy exhibitions; the historical competitions instituted by Mr. Temple, of Philadelphia, through the Pennsylvania Academy; and the endowment fund of the Corcoran Gallery, are also among the signs auspicious for American art. It is at last getting to be understood that if our painters and sculptors are to rise above the level of conventionally pretty paintings and average portrait-statues, something more practical and substantial than the mere multiplication of vague schools and hurried and unsatisfactory exhibitions must be done by themselves as well as by private persons of taste and means.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

EIGHT miners lost their lives by suffocation while attempting to subdue a fire in Greenback Colliery, near Shamokin, Pa., on the 21st instant.

CONGRESSMAN FRANK HURD, conspicuous for his Free Trade views, has been nominated for re-election by the Democrats of the Tenth Ohio District.

THE First National Bank of Albion, N. Y., has been wrecked by the president, Albert S. Warner, who has speculated disastrously with its funds, besides robbing an estate of which he was custodian of over \$500,000.

THE United States ship *Tallapoosa*, from Boston to Newport, was sunk in a collision with the schooner *James S. Lovell*, about three miles northeast of Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, on the night of the 21st instant. Of her 140 men and officers, only two were lost.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR proposes to appoint Commander Schley, of the Greely Relief Expedition, Chief of the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting in place of Commodore Earl English, who is to take command of the European squadron. The appointment is for four years and carries with it the rank of Commodore.

THE seventh annual meeting of the American Bar Association was held at Saratoga last week, being opened with an address by the president, Mr. Cortlandt Parker, of New Jersey. All the States were represented at the meeting except California, Colorado and Nevada. Mr. John W. Stevenson, of Kentucky, was elected President for the ensuing year.

THE Connecticut Republicans have nominated Henry B. Harrison, of New Haven, for Governor. In Michigan Governor Bogole has been re-nominated by both the Democrats and Greenbackers, who have also agreed upon a fusion electoral ticket. In Missouri the Greenbackers have nominated Hon. Nicholas Ford for Governor, who will probably be endorsed by the Republicans. In Texas Governor Ireland has been re-nominated by the Democrats.

FOREIGN.

A RUMOR, which lacks confirmation, reports the capture, at Nassau, of Carlos Agüero, the Cuban revolutionary leader.

THE police at Warsaw have expelled between 400 and 500 Germans who have been living in that city on the charge that they habitually violated their contracts and live by robbery.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 23.



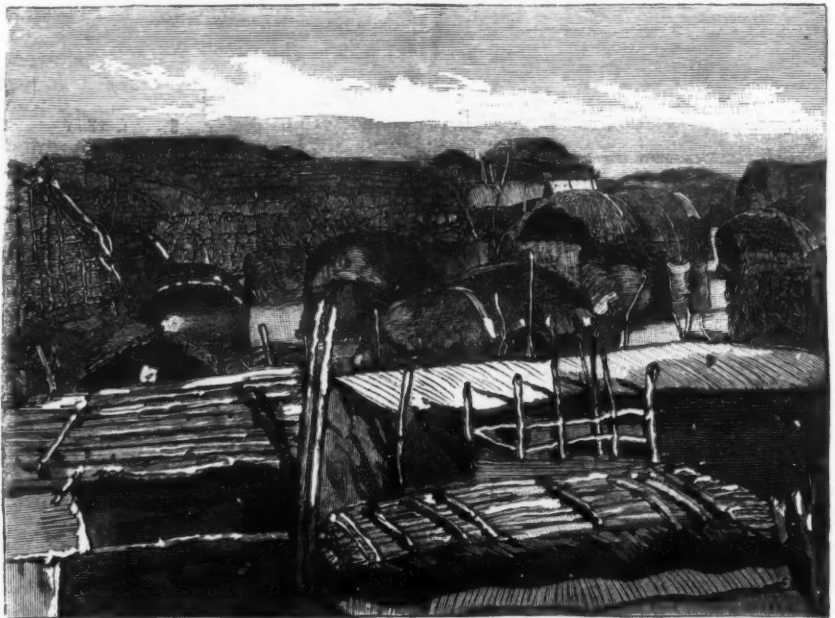
FRANCE.—STATUE OF GEORGE SAND, INAUGURATED AT LA CHÂTRE, AUGUST 10TH.



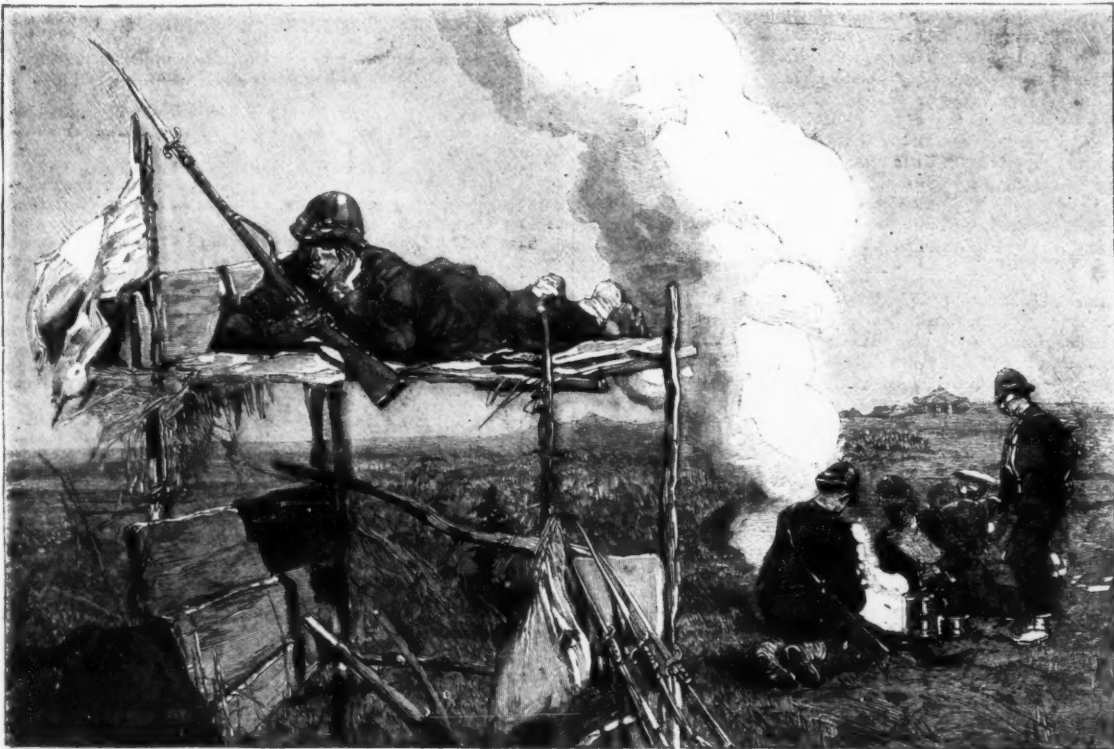
FRANCE.—THE STATUE OF DIDEROT, INAUGURATED AT LANGRES, AUGUST 3D.



ITALY.—SUBMERGING THE PIPES OF THE NEW AQUEDUCT IN VENICE.



AFRICA.—A SOMALI VILLAGE, IN THE TERRITORY RECENTLY ANNEXED BY GREAT BRITAIN.



TONQUIN.—A FRENCH ADVANCE-POST IN THE RICE-FIELDS.



RUSSIA.—NATHALY SETOFF, A FAMOUS OPERA SINGER.

LIEUTENANT A. W. GREELY.

WE give on this page a portrait of Lieutenant Greely, the Arctic explorer, from a photo taken on the 11th of August. Mr. Anderson, the photographer, in forwarding the picture, says: "The picture of Lieutenant Greely, published in —, two weeks ago, was so vile that both Greely and his wife have desired me to forward you a correct photo, so that the public may see what he really looks like. The pictures are copyrighted, and no other paper will have permission to print them but yours." Lieutenant Greely, whose health is now almost entirely restored, continues to be the recipient of marked and appreciative courtesies wherever he appears.

ENCAMPMENT OF MICHIGAN STATE TROOPS.

WE give on this page an illustration of the encampment of the Michigan State troops, which was held at Island Lake, in that State, from August 7th to 12th, inclusive. The camp grounds were beautifully situated on the shore of the lake, level and clean as a floor, and were lighted at night by electricity. Twenty-seven companies were represented, and many of the soldiers were accompanied by their wives and families. The occasion was one of great enjoyment to all participants.

CAMP-MEETING AT OCEAN GROVE.

OCEAN GROVE is unique among the camp-meeting resorts. The "camping-out" features themselves do not perhaps differ greatly from those elsewhere; but the "surf-meetings," the singing of great multitudes on the beach, and the twilight services in the pavilion by the sea—scenes at once impressive and beautiful—are to be witnessed only here. The place itself is picturesque—far more so than city-fied Long Branch—and life there is idyllic, with a tinge of Puritanism. Ocean Grove is a large, new town, scattered charmingly among the cedars, and fronting full upon the Atlantic. Asbury Park, on the other side of the pretty little Wesley Lake, is communicated with by a quaint ferry of rowboats; and after dark the twinkling of innumerable lights on land and water, the sound of gay music in the hotels and psalm-tunes in the cottages and camps, with the roar of the surf dominating all, make up a kind of night-festival which strangely and pleasantly strikes the fancy of the visitor.



LIEUT. A. W. GREELY.—FROM A PHOTO., BY A. W. ANDERSON, TAKEN AUGUST 11TH.

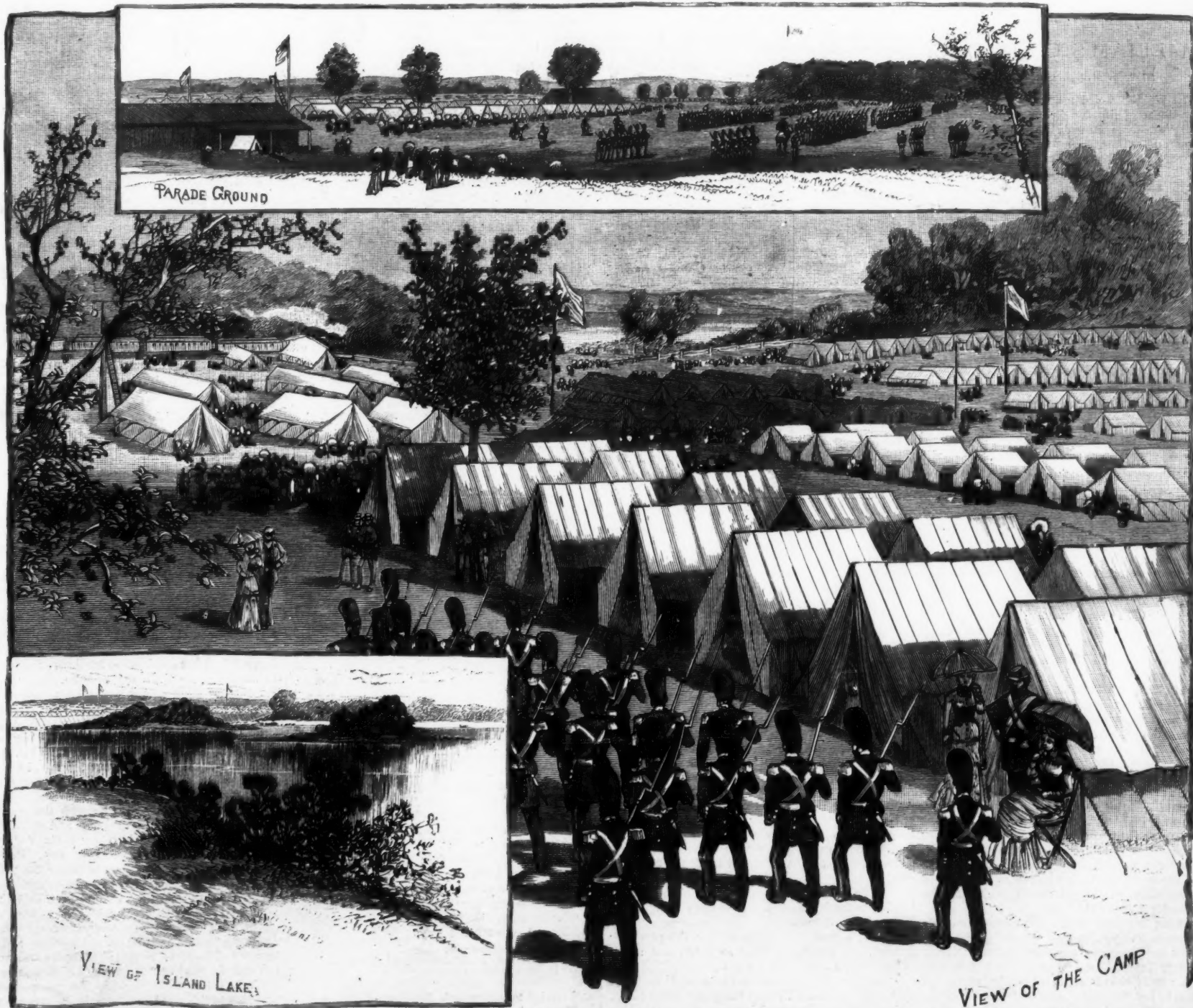
The grand camp-meeting season began last week, on the 19th instant, and will continue for ten days. These days are entirely given up to preaching, singing, praying and exhorting, the hours being from 5:45 A. M. to 7:30 P. M., with intermissions. In accordance with the spirit of the time and place, hotel and drawing-room entertainments were generally suspended during the hours of worship, and the customary yachting, bathing, crabbing and rowing expeditions were given up. A large number of prominent ministers, teachers and Christian workers took part in the devotional exercises.

CHICAGO'S POPULAR FISHING-GROUND.

CHICAGO has no islands, save the artificial one, which is the subject of our illustration. This is the fine Government dock or breakwater at the mouth of the sluggish river which winds through the city and pours its waters into the bright and blue Lake Michigan. The dock is about half a mile from the boulevard-lined shore, and opposite the great Exposition building, where the recent national political conventions were held. Queer little steam-launches ply industriously to and fro, carrying passengers of all kinds, men, women, and children, to the unique resort. The structure is a thousand feet long by, perhaps, forty feet wide. On a pleasant summer's day or evening it is thronged with visitors, like a city street. The grand attraction is the fishing. Lines are to be had for ten cents, and the clear waters are full of perch. Everybody fishes, and the usual partialities and coquetries of "luck" are witnessed, some anglers accumulating long strings of the pretty fish, while others fail to attract a single nibbler to their bait. The whole scene, with the wide waters of the lake stretching beyond to the horizon like an ocean, is full of animation and character, and well deserves pictorial record.

CHOLERA FUMIGATION CURIOSITIES.

A MARSEILLES letter to the London *Daily News* says: "At St. Remy they have a curious method of fumigating. People who arrive by way of Tarascon are stopped at the entrance of the city and are obliged to undergo fumigation at the slaughter-house, where the porter of the establishment has the direction of the operation. When he is absent his daughter supplies his place. As she does not know how to read or write, her father directed her to take a butcher's stamp and impress it on a paper



MICHIGAN.—ENCAMPMENT OF STATE TROOPS AT ISLAND LAKE, AUGUST 7TH-12TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY FRENCH BROS.

to serve as a certificate for those who had been fumigated. The young lady the other day followed the directions of her father to the letter, but as she did not know the difference between the stamps, she took one that was used for marking pigs, and on which was the inscription, "Cochon"; that is to say, Hog. Accordingly the Arlesians arrived at St. Rémy with a paper bearing this word in large letters, "Hog!" At Castres they not only fumigate you, but force you to pay three francs for the operation. The family of the late M. Alezard, Municipal Councillor of Toulon, comprising his widow, his old mother, and his father-in-law, after the funeral went to a place in the country, called La Cran, where they had an estate. The Mayor, informed of their arrival, refused them permission to occupy their own house. Neither tears nor supplications produced any effect. The poor stricken people were obliged to take refuge in an outhouse or barn, and to pass the night on a litter of damp straw.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

As I roamed to-day through a grassy lane,
With idle step and slow,
I came in sight of a trysting-place
That love adorned with many a grace
In the days of long ago.

A tide of memory o'er me rushed
With swift and mighty flow;
And bore me back to the starry even,
The vows received and the promise given,
In that far-off, long ago.

Our hearts were bright as the Summer breeze,
Our love was pure and true;
And we dreamed fond dreams of a future fair,
And fashioned many a castle of air
And colored it roscate hue.

For how could we know that Destiny
Had separate paths for each?
That a dark-eyed maiden his bride would be,
While an unknown husband was waiting for me
In the years beyond our reach?

Full well I know that my heart is true
To the dear one whom I wed;
But the love of the maiden of sweet sixteen,
Whose life swept by like a beautiful dream,
I cannot call it dead.

'Tis not the man with the famous name,
Whom I sometimes chance to meet
As he wends his way through the busy throng,
Or hastens with eager step along
His wife and child to greet;

But the blue-eyed lad with chestnut hair
And voice both fond and low,
That my heart enfolds with a rosy gleam
Like that on the Alpine summit seen—
The beautiful after-glow!

S. C. PINDAR.

WILLIAM'S COON DOG.

By E. M. DE GARNETTE.

TRULY the weird sister who wound off the skein of life for me must have been in a "swearing humor." Needles and pins, thorns and crosses, knots and tangles, small cares and perplexities have hemmed me in perpetually. Like Mrs. Gummidge, "things have gone contrary" with me.

I am eldest in a large family; grandmother an invalid, father fractious, small brothers and sisters aggravating, and my maid servants, Dicy and Prue, incompetent, good-natured and lazy. I have been hurrying and contriving all day with my duties, in order that when

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When night is beginning to lower,
Comes that pause in the day's occupation,"

that I can be sufficiently unoccupied to walk and talk with my lover Paul.

To nineteen jars of cherries and apricots had I put the finishing touch, and was busy screwing down the hot-top of the twentieth, when those blessed children burst into the room at the identical moment that William, in hot pursuit of them, dashed in at the open window.

Trying to scold both parties, down came a jar of scalding fruit, and one of grandmother's best dishes.

My hand that wore the plain gold ring was scalded, and its being so silly of Bessie to step into the scalding mixture, made the accident none the less provoking. So, at last, when I ran up-stairs to dress for my walk and found my white, cool, lawn dress had all shrunk from the washing, and was obliged to wear the old grey worsted polonaise, the sentiment was thoroughly knocked out of me, and I was in a very bad humor. Doctor Spillman delayed me, too, quite unnecessarily reiterating directions about my grandmother's medicines, directions which I knew by heart already; and, after asking me to go in the garden with him for a certain kind of balsam slip, which he could have got any other day, wound up by giving me a paper which he begged me to peruse at my leisure. I thrust it impatiently into the wide pocket of the despised gray polonaise, and wishing in my heart that he would make his prescriptions and visits shorter, I watched him out of sight and started off to meet my lover at the orchard bars.

William and his dog immediately joined me; Bessie and Belle would have certainly done the same but for their scalding. Those children knew by instinct when their company was not desired, and under such circumstances could never be prevailed upon to go back without an amount of strategy which would put Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot to the blush.

Knowing the dear child's disposition, I meekly succumbed, smiling grimly to myself at the pleasure his company would certainly give Paul.

"I say, Nancy, I never saw a better fellow in my life; he is what I call a real gentleman. Come in, Leo! Let the calves alone, sir!" as the dog made a playful dash at a squad of them peacefully grazing. "He has got such an honest eye. Did

you ever put your face close to his and look right into his eyes, Nancy?"

Thinking that he meant Paul, I blushed, and answered evasively: "His eyes are very good, William; but it is his mouth and teeth that make him so handsome, and he is very clever and good."

"Hah! Think so? You called him a 'wicked beast' when he cut in through the window this morning. But he is clever; just point out a pig, and he'll have his leg or ear in three minutes, and won't let go till it thunders. And he is a boss coon dog, I tell you; snatches 'em under the foreleg; and you know, Nancy, most dogs grapple 'em like fools. Goodness, Nancy, you are as red as a beet! What is the matter?"

"William," I say, fractionally, "when you talk about dogs why can't you say 'dogs' and not go mixing them up with people. There goes a ground squirrel along the fence; I wish you and your dog would catch it for me, but I don't believe you can."

"You don't, don't you? I'll bet you a box of blacking he will be a gone chipmunk in twenty minutes. Why, this dog of mine would tackle an alligator. I am proud to own such a gentleman. I raised him myself, and deserve all the credit of his manners."

At this moment the dog came bounding up, and in response to an encouraging whistle, playfully wiped his muddy feet over the breast of William's white jacket, licked him affectionately across the cheek, whisked his shaggy wet tail over my dress, and bound off into the damp grass again.

"So you did not give out coming entirely?" was my lover's greeting. "Two hours behind time; but then I suppose you were more agreeably engaged. I met a gentleman riding away with some beastly flowers, which I suppose you gave him."

"Oh, Paul!" I cry, in great vexation, "what a goose you are! Goodness only knows what possessed old Dr. Stillman to come bothering me about roots and slips at such a time, but really and truly I could not get rid of him."

"I suppose not," drily; "you call him 'old doctor,' Nancy, but he and I are about the same age, I believe."

"I don't in the least care about his age, Paul," I say, grumly. "Grandmother believes in him to an unlimited extent, but he looks a hundred years older than you do." Seeing that he smiles under this, I add: "I suppose you will be always young and fair to me!"

"Humph! Mighty young, indeed, and at the speed we are progressing you and I both will be about as young as Methuselah when we get married. Tell me, Nancy, when are you going to marry me? I have stood being put off on one excuse and another long enough."

"Grandmother says as soon as she is well and strong enough. Aunt Margaret said it would be a shame for me to go away before Bessie and Belle can even play a decent tune, and it makes papa so uneasy, that none of us ever dare to allude to such a thing."

"And you don't care; I see that very plainly. You will not even give me an hour of your company, without so many eyes watching, and young ears listening that I scarcely dare say good-morning to you."

"You are daring more than that now." He had taken my two hands, which rested on the bars, and had put his face down so close to mine, that I could look right into his eyes and see their expression, as lover-like as "Douglass, Douglass tender and true."

William and the dog could be heard in the distance, howling, barking, and hullabalooing, and being terribly afraid of his catching us in this sentimental attitude, I draw back a little, saying anxiously: "I think William is coming, Paul; the child has very quick eyes. Do let me go."

"Let you go? Certainly," in a hurt and mortified tone. "I think sometimes, Nancy, you would wish me to let you go entirely. You could have married me a year ago, if you had chosen. I am a great fool to keep on loving and hanging around a girl who cares more for her brothers and sisters and her cousins and her aunts than she does for her lover. Do you know I spend hours of my time, when I should be at work, in writing you love-letters?"

I give my foolish head a toss, and say, airily: "I expect you grow very tired of always directing your letters the same way, Paul. Any settled routine grows wearisome." I sighed rather mournfully, for just then I was thinking how tiresome my own daily routine had become, and how impossible it appeared ever to change.

"Does that mean you would like to direct yours to a near address?" he asked, sharply, looking me full in the face.

Now Paul knew so well that he and the family physician were the only men I ever saw, except papa, that the question seemed too absurd to answer. So I gave him a dignified stare in reply. Seeing that he remained unsatisfied, I said: "Upon my honor, Paul, I have never written to, or received communication from, any other gentleman than yourself. Love letter, I mean;" for here the prescription handed me by the doctor flashed across my mind, and I flushed uncomfortably, and added: "The doctor frequently writes the directions for grandmother's physic, and directs them to me, if you call that anything."

"That is one in your pocket, I suppose," he said, pointing to the address which was full in view in the wide open flap-pocket of the old polonaise.

"Yes; he wrote that to-day. It is about the new liniment for her shoulder. He was awfully afraid I would do it wrong."

"May I read the directions for the new liniment?" he asked in a voice so sharp and suspicious that I answered, tartly:

"If you choose to meddle with what does not concern you," and I tossed the paper toward him. Humming an idle tune, I began gathering the blue daisies and buttercups which spangled the meadow.

If he chose to be jealous and hateful, I could be sulky and cross.

A low groan escaped him. The flowers dropped from my hand; he was twisting the paper convulsively, and his face was white as ashes.

"My God! Nancy," he muttered. "Is it as bad as this? I feared it long ago. Oh, my darling! why did you not deal openly with me?"

He held out his hands imploringly to me across the bars where I stood in utter bewilderment when that wretched boy William, with Leo at his heels, came dashing down upon us. His quick eyes perceiving that something is wrong, he cries out with charming delicacy, "Say, Nancy, are you and Mr. Rivers quarrelling?"

"Good-by, Nancy," my lover says in a voice so strange and changed that even William is awed into silence; and when I lean far over the bars and let great tears drop down into the dust as I watch Paul striding off over the dewy grass without another word or look. My little rough brother puts his hard brown hands around my neck, rubs his freckled cheek against mine, and whispers, "Nancy, what on the face of the earth is the matter?" Silently my heart echoes the question.

"But where is that horrible old prescription of Dr. Stillman's? It is that which made him angry." Mischievous Leo is too quick for us. He seizes the paper and dashes off with it, stopping now and then to worry and tear it, and when William catches him at last there are only a few wet fragments which he can rescue.

I spread them carefully out, piece the bits together, and read, "Earnestly hope—save a charming girl—you have favored me—not too late—devoted lover—your grandmother's consent—"

Oh, my face burns as I take in the impertinence.

Dr. Stillman, a hateful, purse-proud creature, whom I had barely endured on my grandmother's account, to be calling himself my "devoted lover." My heart grows hot and angry against my grandmother, who has "given her consent," for I remember her constant objections to Paul whenever there was any talk of my marrying him, and how my small brothers and sisters have been encouraged to tease and worry me over my engagement till I have barely treated Paul with ordinary courtesy. Scales seem to drop from my eyes as I sit brooding until the stars come out, my hot cheeks between my hands, and now and then a few large teardrops falling. Restless William has wandered off long ago, and in the dewy darkness I make solemn promises to myself to let no false shame or misunderstanding come between Paul and me. I love him too dearly, stupid and shy as I have always been about showing it. It is perfectly true that he has been able to marry me for a year, and my grandmother's selfishness, and the demands of my family should come between us, I determine hotly, no longer. I will write to him this very night that I will marry him what day he chooses, and Bessie and Belle's music, and William and Robbie's latin, and my father's thousand and one demands on my time, and that wicked old woman's rheumatism (that is what I call grandmother in my wrath) shall be trampled in the dust before my Paul, my true lover, my king.

The supper was over, and they were looking for me. Robbie and James calling my name in the shrubbery, and papa grumbling and fretting on the porch.

"What has got into Nancy? Doesn't she know better than to act in such a way? Oh! Nancy. Is that you? Now really you are very remiss to be absent from the table. I've not had a cup of tea fit to drink, and those children have upset the cream and broken three saucers."

"Yes, papa," I cry, going in, and when I see William so quiet and solemn over his geography upside down, I wonder if he has told any tales on me.

Hark! the boys are returning from their quest, and this is what they are shouting:

"Oh, dear Nancy, don't you cry,
Your sweetheart will come by-and-by."

I give a quick look at my little brother, who rushes up and whispers:

"I did not tell, Nancy. They kept a guessing and guessed it out of me; 'deed they did.'"

"Hold your tongues! you noisy cubs," growls papa. "Why are you forever making mountebanks of yourselves? Get your latin books this moment and sit down to some decent employment instead of turning the house into a bedlam."

I silently thank papa for stilling their teasing voices, but even he cannot prevent Bob's going down on his knees behind his back, and James wipes his eyes and goes through the motions of violent grief. Bessie and Belle importune me to know why "Mither Riverth did not come in to get thome of the caketh and therveth and thweetmeath, Bobby thaid wath got out for him."

They did not mean to hurt me, those children; but somehow my long engagement was looked on as a specially good joke for the amusement of the household. Papa scolded them for it, but then it was his rule to find out what the children were doing and tell them to stop; so his scolding had little effect.

At last our household settled down for the usual evening entertainment. James and Robbie were well thumped for missing "*Res publica*" for the dozenth time, and were stood in the corners, snuffing and making faces. William, Bessie and Belle were made to stand in line and spell, with the promise of a rap over the head for every third word missed. As Bessie lisped and tangled up her syllables, she was "getting it" very badly when I stole away to give a "piece of my mind" to grandmother. I remembered how,

"Once a warrior very angry
Seized his grandmother and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight.
Right against the moon he threw her,"

and envied that warrior's freedom of action.

After a stormy interview I retired to my room to write a real love-letter to Paul. He should

know, once for all, the whole truth about this miserable letter and everything else. How dearly I love him, and he shall never more be tried by my caprices, for I am determined to marry him whenever he shall say.

The clock was striking three when I closed my long letter, and I was wakened from the sound slumber of perfect health by the breakfast-bell.

Nothing ever so rouses papa's ire as late rising. I slip into shoes which I do not button, smooth my hair with my fingers, fasten my dress as I rush down and find papa waiting for me.

"Really, Nancy, is this the example you set your young brothers and sisters? Such idleness is out of the question! You are acting as one with no decent sense of propriety."

"Papa ought to eat a roll and drink a cup of coffee to rest 'himself,'" said Bobbie, saucily.

Papa flies at the wrong one.

"James, leave the table this instant for your insolence! Bobbie, you shall have no butter if you cannot eat decently."

"Tith a letter for you, Nanthy," cries Bessie, cheerfully, for she is an irrepressible, and considers it as natural for fathers to scold as for robins to sing.

"A letter for me! Where? Oh, please—"

But papa, who has it under his plate, takes no notice except sternly to order a fresh cup with neither sugar nor cream.

My face blanches, and I cannot swallow. No one has ever written me a letter except Paul, and his furlough is not out for a week. Will he leave me without a word? My heart beats so I can hear it sound in my ears like a drum. Seeing that I eat nothing, papa suddenly grows uneasy about me, for in his eyes the loss of appetite is the only sign to be relied on of failing health. He cuts me a double slice of ham and a large thickness from the loaf, saying, severely:

"Anna Maria, if you cannot eat your victuals, Dr. Spillman shall come and let me know the reason why."

I burst into a hysterical laugh, in which every child joins with might and main, and then cry as if my heart would break.

"James, ride in a gallop for the doctor!" cries

I throw myself on my knees and scream: "No, don't go! I shall not see him! Let me alone!"

Letting alone is the only thing they will not do. I am worried nearly to death. As I have never before showed a symptom of illness, papa seems to think it his last and only chance to administer his pet nostrum, "Hosteter's Bitters." So I am well bittered, put to bed, and commanded to sleep one hour, when I shall be rewarded with my own letter. So wildly anxious am I to know what Paul says to me, that I calculate whether my strength is sufficient to fall upon my parent and wrest it from him.

But papa is long, lean and active, and I cover my face and cry weakly.

Dear father! he meant it for my good. All through that miserable hour which ensued I could hear him tiptoeing and creaking around my door, making such exasperating noises that the "Seven Sleepers" themselves would have roused up and given him a beating.

At last he put his head in.

"Well, now, you feel nicely, don't you? You've had a good nap—slept like a log; and hear is your letter."

"Oh, my darling," it said, "if you can send me by the bearer one word of explanation, it will make me so happy. But my heart tells me that you have grown weary of my love, and you have shrunk from the pain of telling me. If you send me no answer I shall know what it means."

"Your Faithful PAUL."

And the messenger had carried no token, for my father had dismissed him, and my love-letter was in my desk.

When I made them drive me galloping—galloping to the town, Paul was gone—gone!

Three years, which seem to me three hundred, have rolled by. I have been desolated with grief, yet my health has not failed, nor has my face changed, except for a settled quiet and unsmilingness. For a year I clung to the words "Your faithful Paul," and prayed the good God to send my lover back to me. Papa gave me a beautiful green-house, and I raised orchids, and even grew proud of Bessie's and Belle's duets, and took a pride in the boys' Latin, and read, oh, so many books to keep my heart from breaking.

People began to look on me as a settled person, and one to be entrusted with expensive shopping and as a judge of handsome laces and jewelry.

Bessie had grown tall and slim, and pleaded for a bottle-green riding habit; and I had Summer clothes to buy for the boys, so James and Bob hurried and harassed me to let them drive me to the town on a certain day in June.

I did not know why they were so anxious until we neared the town, and then the road, thronged with vehicles of all descriptions, wagons loaded with men, women and children, slow ox-carts piled up and slopping over with wooly-headed, jolly darkies, told the tale. A circus! Papa, knowing nothing of it, had not told the boys not to go; and me they soon overpersuaded.

Slowly I wound my way through the crowded streets, looking about at the signs and going into the wrong stores, with the nervous air of a country girl, unused to bustle and confusion. But the boys would not give me time to select the bottle-green habit, but hurried me on to be in time for the grand spectacle of fireworks in the daytime.

As we neared the great white tents boys and girls jostled us with lemonade and mineral waters; curiously-dressed men appeared leading piebald horses and Shetland ponies; the drums were beating and the band in full blast. The boys were in perfect ecstasies of delight. But when we had passed into the great inclosure it was utterly distracting. The beasts roared, the parrots screamed. With a terrific noise the first bomb went up two

hundred feet and exploded, leaving a perfectly formed turtle gyrating in the air; a huge bird with outstretched wings was next presented, and then an old man about eight feet high, which floated through the air in the most amusing manner, bobbing his head and nodding to the sea of upturned faces. The figures were made of the finest tissue-paper, brilliantly colored, and so balanced with tiny bits of bamboo and lead that the moment they were freed from the bomb they were filled by the wind. Everything seems roaring and swelling in my ears, and a girl all gauze and flowers runs through the air on a rope stretched far overhead, dancing, floating—a flying wonder in the air.

Suddenly a dreadful shriek arises, one that resounds through the crowded square; the scream of thousands of human voices, the wailing of fear and agony, echoed back by the very beasts themselves. A tiger had broken loose!

What a horrible scene! Men yelling, children screaming, women fainting, horses rearing and snorting, the crowd surging and plunging this way and that in its frantic efforts to escape. I shut my eyes and screamed for my boys, but both had disappeared. Something with tail in the air, snorting and foaming at the mouth, and eyes blazing, came bounding, flying straight at me. I gave one shriek, and stood like a statue. The thing whirled over my shoulder, so close that its tail brushed my ears, and some one shouting "Nancy" caught me in his arms. Paul! It was the flying leap of a spotted Shetland pony that nearly frightened me out of my wits, but to the end of my life I will always thank God for making the little Shetlands, since one of them brought me back my Paul.

Paul soon gathered up my boys and drove me home, and was so pleased at my looking so intensely happy, he forgot actually to scold anybody or anything.

MACGAHAN'S REMAINS BROUGHT HOME.

ON Thursday of last week the United States steamship *Powhatan* arrived at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, bearing the mortal remains of the famous American war-correspondent, Janarius A. MacGahan, who died in Constantinople in 1878. The body had been turned over to Commander L. A. Beardslee, at Lisbon, by the officers of the *Quinnabag*, by whom it had been brought from its burial-place at Constantinople. It was received with reverence by a committee of the New York Press Club, and after lying in state at the City Hall, was sent by rail to its final resting-place in Ohio, where MacGahan was born.

MacGahan, as all his colleagues testify, and, as his own work shows, was a fine, brave fellow, and one of the best war-correspondents that ever lived. Such a career as his throws a gleam of romance and chivalry over the ordinarily prosaic occupation of the journalist. His career, though short, was adventurous and brilliantly successful. He was the trusted friend of mighty potentates and of the generals of great armies, and was known and believed by the people of strange and barbarous lands. A student in Brussels in 1870, he began his career as newspaper correspondent by reporting the campaigning of Bourbaki on the Swiss frontier; witnessed the Civil War in Paris; made an Arctic voyage; saw barbaric strife in Asia, and took part in the great struggle between Russia and Turkey in 1877-78. His ride, in the service of the New York Herald, across the central Asian desert to join the Russian General Kaufmann at Khiva, which he has described in his book "Campaigning on the Oxus," is one of the greatest exploits on record.

MacGahan is believed to have been one of the chief instruments in bringing about the war of 1877, and freeing the Bulgarians from the intolerable hardships of Turkish rule. It was his letters, combined with the official reports of Mr. Schuyler, concerning the massacres at Batak and elsewhere, that brought to the knowledge of the world the enormities of the Pasha Government in Bulgaria, and which gave to the growing ardor of the fellow Slavs in Russia an impulse which neither Emperor nor nobles could restrain. During the momentous days of the conference at Constantinople, in December, 1876, he enjoyed the confidence of Ignatieff on the one hand, and of Salisbury on the other, and when the conference broke up he hastened to Russia to join the armies in the war which he knew was certain to follow. From the first skirmish on the Danube to the last shot in front of Constantinople he was with the army, retaining the confidence of its principal officers, and especially of his intimate friend Skobelev, to the end. From day to day he kept the English-speaking public informed of the accomplished facts in that army and its movements. Finally he died in the midst of it in Constantinople in the early summer of 1878, at a time when the question of war between Russia and England was trembling in the balance. He was ill but a few days of a typhus fever of the most malignant type, brought on by insufficient food and exposure during the war. He was buried in the little Greek Cemetery on the shores of the Bosphorus, whence by the courtesy of United States officials his remains are now being brought to his native State.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

STATUE OF GEORGE SAND.

The statue represented in our engraving was unveiled on the 10th instant at La Châtre, the village nearest Madame Sand's beloved Nohant. It is of Carrara marble, and is the work of M. Aimé Millet. The sculptor has represented the novelist clad in the loose robe which she habitually wore at Nohant, and seated in an attitude of reverie upon a flowery bank. Her right hand holds a pen, her left an open book. The inscription on the front face of the pedestal is: "George Sand, Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin, Baronne Dudevant. Paris, 1804; Nohant, 1876." The sides of the pedestal are inscribed with the titles of her works. The statue was paid for by public subscription, the marble being given by the State.

BARTHOLDI'S STATUE OF DIDEROT.

France has just feted the memory of her famous encyclopedist and philosopher, Denis Diderot, the hundredth anniversary of whose death occurred on the 30th ultimo. A three days' celebra-

tion was organized, and on the 3d instant the statue, represented in our illustration, was unveiled at Langres, where Diderot was born in 1713. It is by M. Bartholdi, the projector and designer of the colossal statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," destined for New York harbor. Two other statues of Diderot, ordered by the centennial committee, are in process of erection in Paris—one in the Square of St. Germain-des-Prés, the other at the Hotel de Ville. The sculptors of these two latter works are Mm. Gautherin and M. Lecointe. M. Bartholdi's statue is a fine one, and a detailed description is rendered unnecessary by our reproduction of the engraving from *L'Illustration*.

GREAT BRITAIN'S RECENT EAST AFRICAN "ANNEXATION."

We give an illustration of a village in the Somali country in East Africa, a slice of which has recently been annexed by Great Britain. Berbera, the seaport town annexed, lies nearly opposite Aden, and is really in Egyptian territory, having been so since 1874. It is a place of some commercial importance, its exports consisting of live stock, feathers, gum, hides, skins, ivory, ghee and treasure. Aden is almost entirely dependent on Berbera for its meat supply. The Somali tribes in the neighborhood live by plundering one another, and but little can be done by the Khedive's officers to prevent raiding or protecting kafilahs. They are an intelligent race, and are courageous in hand-to-hand encounters with their own countrymen. They are armed with a shield and two spears; a long-bladed dagger is also bound round the waist, to be used in close combats. They have a wholesome terror of firearms, of which they possess none. There are many tribes of Somalis, each having its own characteristics.

AQUEDUCT AT VENICE.

Up to the sixteenth century Venice had no drinking water but such as was stored in cisterns at the tops of the houses, which in seasons of drought too often ran dry. Later a canal was dug which carried water from the River Brenta to Mucanano, the extreme limit of the mainland. From this canal the water was borne in large boats and emptied into the house-cisterns. In 1879 a company was organized in Paris to construct water-works for Venice, and the work of the construction commenced in 1881. A large reservoir has been constructed at Saint André, and an aqueduct of twenty-seven kilometres conveys the water into Venice by means of subterranean pipes and siphons. A superb fountain has been erected in the Piazza San Marco, which was inaugurated on the 23d of July amid a scene of the greatest rejoicing. It is of Carrara marble, and throws a column of water twenty-two feet high.

A FRENCH ADVANCE-POST IN TONGKIN.

Since the affair of Lang-sou, and the consequent renewal of hostilities, the French troops in Tongkin, while awaiting the result of the seemingly interminable negotiations of the two Governments, maintain a vigilant attitude of defense. The picturesque sketch which we reproduce shows one of their advance-posts in the midst of the rice-fields. The sentinel, lying full-length on his improvised lookout-platform, closely scans the horizon, where at any moment may spring up a horde of unsubdued Black Flags, or Chinese regulars, who have not yet evacuated the frontier. Campaigning in Tongkin is hazardous, as well as costly, work, and the French are beginning to inquire with some impatience when, if ever, the profits of their Oriental venture are to appear.

NATHALY SETOFF, OPERA SINGER.

Nathaly Josephovna Setoff, whose portrait is given on page 20, ranks as one of the foremost opera singers of Russia. She is now twenty-four years old. Her father was the first tenor of the Kieff Theatre. She appeared on the stage when eighteen years old, and since then she has become a prime favorite at Kieff, Odessa, Tiflis, Moscow and St. Petersburg. Her salary is one thousand rubles per month. She is successful not only in opera, but also in comedy; in fact, she is as accomplished an actress as she is a singer. Her favorite rôles are *Antonie*, in "The Life for the Czar"; *Marguerite*, in the "Faust"; and *Helen* in "the Belle Helene."

UTILIZING BUFFALO BONES.

The shipment of buffalo bones from the plains of the West to Eastern phosphate factories has largely increased recently, because of the reduction in the trunk line freight rates. Thousands of buffalo skeletons are gathered up by the bone men of the trackless prairies, especially in the valley of the Arkansas, and sent East to swell the product of the phosphate manufacturers. A single manufacturer of Philadelphia, Pa., has received during the summer more than 200 carloads of these bones. Delivered at the factories in that city, the skeletons are worth \$25 a ton, and the business of gathering and shipping them East is quite a profitable one. The freight from the West is from \$8 to \$10 a ton. Very frequently an entire skeleton is shipped East, and then the different parts are put to curious uses. The horns, which are worth \$30 a ton, are used by umbrella-makers for tips or by fan manufacturers to decorate their fans. A portion of the head is in demand by chemists, who utilize it for making glue, and the shoulder-blades and neck bones are taken by button makers, from which they fashion some of their most handsome and artistic buttons. A well preserved and properly-handled buffalo skeleton is thus put to many more uses than the live animal itself could be made to serve. It assists the farmer's backward crops, goes with him in the summer showers and gladdens the heart of his women folk, who go to the village church in button-blazoned gowns.

INCREASE OF THE MALE SEX IN THE UNITED STATES.

ONE of the curious facts brought out by the census of 1880 was the increasing ratio of males to females in the United States as a whole. In 1870 the native females were in excess of the males to the number of 17,598; in 1880 the native males exceeded the native females 300,668. In the same period the excess of foreign-born males had increased from 446,657 to 581,189. This means that among the foreign-born population there were in 1870 117 males to 100 females, and in 1880 slightly more than 119 males to 100 females; while whereas in 1870 there were in the country rather more than 1,001 native-born females for 1,000 males, there were in 1880 about 1,014 males to every 1,000 females. The chart published by the Bureau of Education brings this out fully, showing that not only did the excess of females over

males increase during the decade in those States in which males are in excess, but that in most of those States which have a preponderance of females the difference in numbers was diminished during the same period by the increase of the males. Thus the excess of white females over white males diminished in North Carolina from 27,000 to 17,000; in South Carolina from 8,000 to 6,000; in Georgia from 17,000 to 9,000, and in Alabama from 11,000 to 7,000. Tennessee converted during the decade an excess of 3,000 females into one of 4,000 males. Some of the States and Territories which most largely increased their excess of white males were Colorado, 10,000 to 63,000; Texas, 29,000 to 84,000; Dakota, 4,000 to 29,000; Kansas, 40,000 to 76,000; Nebraska, 18,000 to 46,000; and Arizona, 4,000 to 14,000. Utah, spite of Mormonism, has an increasing excess of males, a factor which, if it continues, will in time put a practical end to polygamy. In Pennsylvania the excess of white females over white males has increased, as it has also in New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New Jersey.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE heart of a Greenland whale is three feet in diameter.

THE net profits of the Suez Canal for 1883 reached 35,000,000 francs.

A LIVE and lively rattlesnake and a centipede were among the prizes opened at the dead-letter office last month.

THERE are 6,000,000 Mexicans who can neither read nor write, never slept in a bed, never wore a stocking, and live in a mud hut furnished with a three-legged stool and a water-jug.

REPORTS from various parts of the country indicate that brigandage is again rife in Italy. The Government is adopting energetic measures for the suppression of this national disgrace.

THE bread eaten at table in Turin is a yard long and an eighth of an inch in diameter, of a pipe-stem form, very crisp, and exceedingly palatable. It is called "grissini," after the doctor who invented it on hygienic principles.

VEGETARIANISM still flourishes in Germany. A society, 170 strong, possesses a library of 700 volumes on the faith, runs a periodical and rejoices under the sweet name of "The German Society for Promoting a Harmonious Manner of Life."

SOUTH of Long Island, six fathoms beneath the Atlantic, are the remnants of a vast marsh. In very clear water roots of great trees can be seen from a boat, and in stormy weather masses of decayed wood and peat are thrown upon the shore.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to an English paper: "While lying off Madras, in the harbor, on my way from India, I had my attention drawn to a white gentleman with brown legs on a catamaran. It was explained to me that the natives went about the shark-infested harbor with impunity, and that a European had had several narrow escapes until he colored the lower part of his body and its extremities, since which he has gone about unscathed."

It is said that negroes scarcely ever commit suicide. They may be hard up from the day of their birth to the day of their death, but they rarely become melancholy. Notwithstanding their complaints of hard times, the give-me-a-nickel expression on their faces and general hungry appearance, they hang on to life with the tenacity of a mud-turtle. They do it not for the hope of something better, but simply for the fun they will have.

At a recent meeting of the Société de Biologie, of Paris, Dr. Brown-Sequard recounted some novel and singular facts of aphasia. One of his patients has lost all the words in the language except one, and monotonously repeats that when trying to speak. Yet he sings with facility and artistic feeling. Another talks volubly and coherently in his sleep, but cannot utter a word when he is awake. A third talks freely in delirious paroxysms, but is silent when he is in possession of his reason.

It is announced that a company is now being organized and capitalized to run a series of electric railways across the lower portion of Westchester County and that part of New York which lies north of Harlem River, connecting points on the Hudson River with Long Island Sound. These are intended to connect the railway lines west of the Hudson River—the Erie, Northern New Jersey and West Shore—with the four railways running north through Westchester County from New York city. The electric railway has the advantage of being able to run up or down hill without regard to grade, and it is said to cost \$4 a day less per car than a road which uses horses. It is in contemplation to try the electric motor on one of the up-town city lines, and the electricians say that its trial will show that the cable has had its day, and horses will no longer be used except for an emergency.

THERE is in the possession of a Gettysburg (Pa.) family a relic of the war of the Rebellion, which they have refused to part with, although they have been offered many times its value. The relic in question is a square piano, which went through, and survived in a playable condition, the great Battle of Gettysburg. The house in which the family owning the piano lived was placed at some period of the battle between the fire of the opposing forces, and a conical ball from a rifled cannon, after passing through the brick wall of the house, entered one end of the piano, and had sufficient force left, after passing through the wall of the house and the thick frame of the piano, to penetrate to a point between the iron frame and the sounding-board, where, its force being spent, it remained wedged. The end of the piano has been repaired, and in outward appearance restored, while, as its owner declares, the tone is as good as ever.

The authorities of France have taken up the question of the health of schoolchildren. A commission on the subject was appointed some time ago, and its report is now before the Minister of Education. In it there are some remarks about cleanliness that were to be expected, as a matter of course, and some conclusions about costume that are rather surprising. It seems that French children generally, and especially the children of the very poor, are dressed much too warmly. In the schoolrooms they wear nearly all the outer garments and wraps which they wear out of doors. The report recommends the abolition by law of this senseless custom, and the substitution of a light headress for girls instead of the heavy and cumbersome bonnet which they now wear. The report closes by highly commending the English custom of allowing the children to run about bare-legged and oftentimes bare-headed. It will shock many people to hear that in matters of dress the French are not the teachers of the world.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A CONGRESS will be held at Rome in December to discuss means for the international execution of legal judgments.

A TERRIBLE plague of locusts has visited Central Spain. The damage to the crops about Ciudad Real is placed at \$10,000,000.

THREE Abyssinian envoys have arrived in England. Among the gifts which they bring from King John to the Queen are an elephant and a large monkey.

LATE advices from Yokohama say that the Japanese Government has issued a decree establishing several orders of nobility, including dukes, marquises, and viscounts.

MAYOR EDSON, of New York city, has vetoed the resolution of the Board of Aldermen granting the franchise of a street railway in Broadway to the Broadway Surface Railroad Company.

A SWIMMING race between three society ladies took place in the river at Cincinnati one day last week. The distance was one mile, which was made by the winner in little less than twenty minutes.

It is believed that an opportunity will be made for Emperor William to meet Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria and the Czar of Russia together. It was arranged for at the recent meeting of the two emperors at Ischi.

A TEMPERANCE wave has been rolling through New Jersey, and reform clubs have sprung up in many places. At Plainfield there was a temperance holiday on the 19th inst., participated in by the surrounding towns, and a reform club house was dedicated.

THE sculling match between Hanlan, the Canadian oarsman, and Beach, the Australian, for the championship of the world and £500 a side, which took place on August 16th on the Parramatta River, New South Wales, was won by Beach by seven lengths.

It has been settled that the next meeting of the International Medical Congress shall be held in Washington, in accordance with the formal invitation extended by the American Medical Association. Berlin, St. Petersburg, and other cities, were competitors for the honor.

COMMANDER SCHLEY's report of the Greely Relief Expedition covers 300 pages of manuscript, and will be illustrated by over 200 photographic views. The use of photographs in official reports is a novelty, but Commander Schley said he did not want to neglect anything that could make the report clearer or more complete.

THE Norwegians have gained credit for setting to Europe the example of having iced water in the compartments of their railway cars. In England that extraordinary luxury can still be only obtained at certain stations along the line at a penny the glass. The Norwegians have besides led the way in the creation of a skating regiment, who are trained to do wonders in the way of evolutions and rapid progress on the ice.

THE San Francisco *Alta* says that the Chinese leper colony in that city has been cleaned out temporarily by shipping all the inmates of the lazaretto off to China, but it intimates that there are white lepers in the city, and it advises that a contract be made with the Government of Hawaii to allow all the lepers found in California who cannot be otherwise disposed of to be sent to its leper settlement at Molokai.

ACCORDING to the Navy register of the United States for August, 1884, the total number of cruising vessels in commission for sea service at the present time is thirty-three. Of these, six have light iron hulls, and the remaining twenty-seven are wooden vessels. In addition to the above are the monitors *Passaic* and *Nantuxet* and the torpedo ram *Alarm*, the three forming our entire iron-clad squadron afloat.

In Massachusetts women and children are driving men out of many industries. The trades in which the former are, a very large majority are awnings and tents, buttons, dress-trimmings, carpetings, clothing, cotton goods, woollens, fancy goods, flax and linen, hair-work, hose, rubber, mixed textiles, paper, silks, sporting goods, straw goods and worsteds—twenty in all. Sixty trades show a preponderance of men. As late as 1840 there were but seven vocations into which New England women had entered. In 1884 the number was 317.

THE exports of domestic produce from the port of New York during the week ending on the 16th inst. were comparatively heavy, the total being \$7,223,518, against \$8,374,433 for the same week last year. The shipments of wheat continue large, and though there has been a considerable increase in flour shipments, yet the movement of other breadstuffs is light. There were larger amounts of cotton and petroleum shipped than during the previous week, and the movement of provisions is of comparatively fair proportions. Since Jan. 1st the export aggregates \$199,759,399, compared with \$225,206,512 for the same time in 1883.

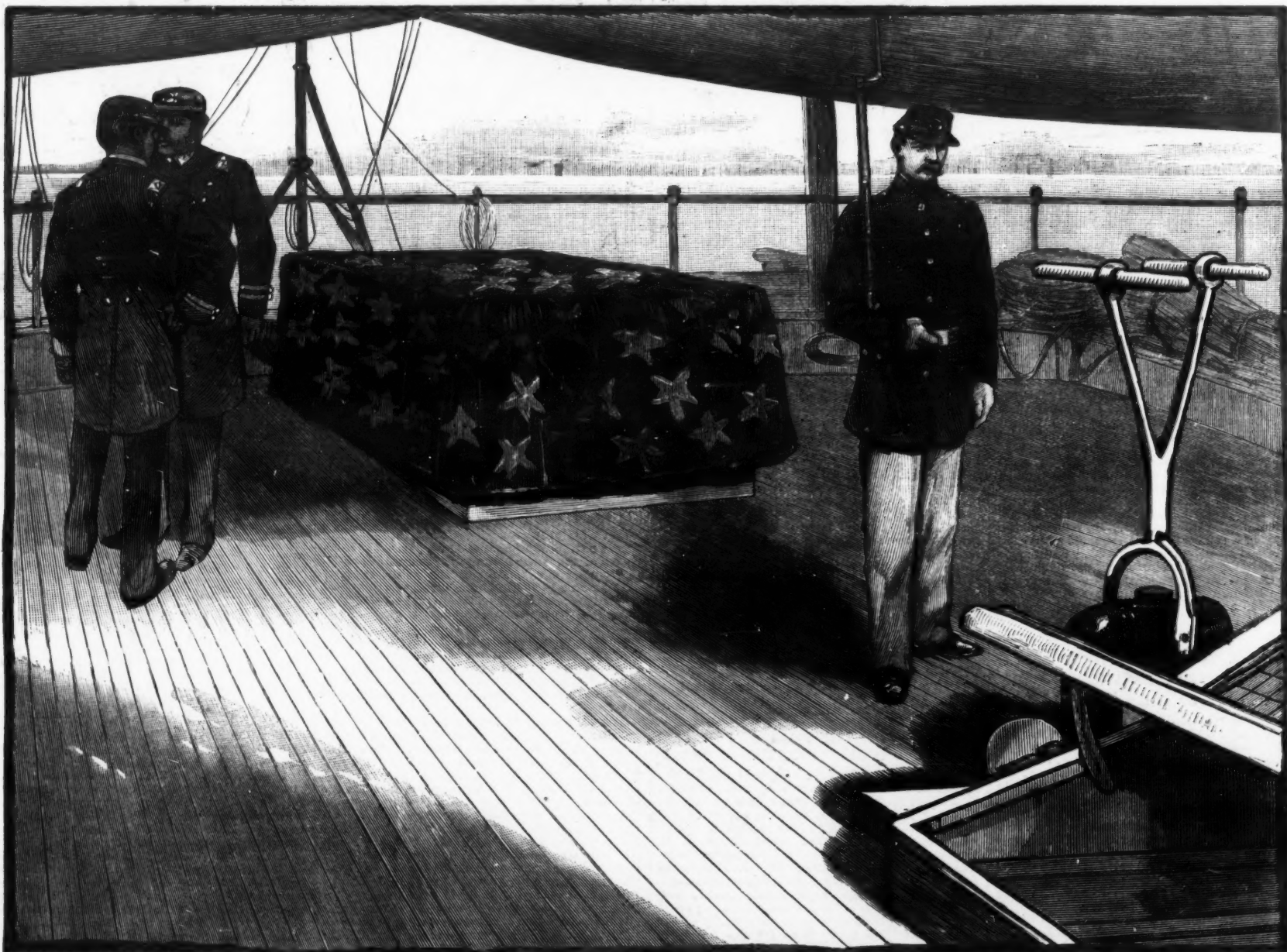
ONE of the most remarkable facts in the recent history of English journalism is the great increase in the space devoted to American news and to editorial comment thereon. The American department is now a recognized feature of every daily paper, and the quality as well as the quantity of the matter referring to the United States has vastly improved. The supercilious ignorance of American affairs, which was once actually affected as a virtue in editorial writing, is no longer tolerated, and, although funny blunders are still frequent enough, they are by no means so common or glaring as formerly. Two new daily papers are about to be started in London, the chief specialty of each of which will be its American news.

FROM the revelations made by exhuming some of the bodies of the dead of the Greely Polar Expedition, inferences have been drawn that incisions had been made in all the bodies, and that portions of the flesh had been used either for food or for bait for catching shrimps. The following authentic extract from Commander Schley's report, now being prepared for the Secretary of the Navy, shows a portion of the remains to have been so treated, but that those of Lieutenant Lockwood, Sergeant Israel, Sergeant Linn, Private Schneider, Sergeant Cross and the Esquimaux, Christiansen, were absolutely whole and untouched: "In preparing the bodies of the dead for transportation in alcohol to St. John's, it was found that the bodies of six of them (Lieutenant Kinsbury, Sergeant Jewell, Private Whistler, Private Henry, Private Ellis and Sergeant Ralston) had been cut, and the fleshy parts removed to a greater or less extent. All the other bodies were intact."



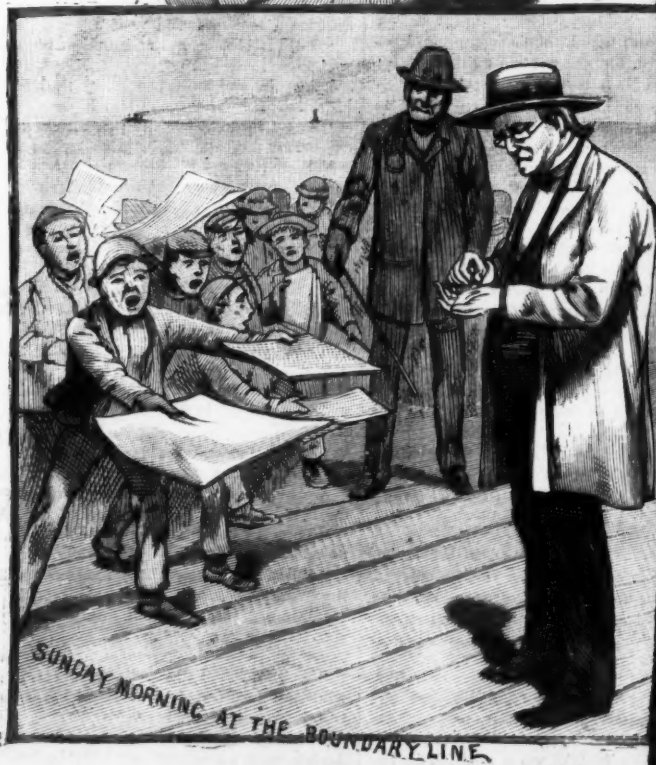
THE WHITE HOUSE OMNIBUS.

UNCLE SAM—"Come, gentlemen, fair play and no crowding. Give the old lady a chance."



NEW YORK.—ARRIVAL OF THE REMAINS OF THE FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENT, J. A. M'GAHAN—SCENE ON BOARD THE U. S. STEAMSHIP "POWHATAN."

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 23.



NEW JERSEY.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF CAMP MEETING LIFE AT OCEAN GROVE.
FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 21.

AMBER, THE WAIF.

(Continued.)

BY K. F. HILL.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

It was not difficult for Georgie to obtain permission to go out alone the day after Louise paid her secret visit to her old home. The young girl was not given to paying visits, but she had one or two friends upon whom she occasionally called. She dressed herself in a cool pretty costume of blue-and-white lawn, and tied a bewitching hat on her pretty chestnut head, drew on her long white lace mitts, and set off joyfully to see her sister.

"If I could only tell dear little mamma where I am going," she said, as she pressed her lips to her mother's smooth cheek. "It is wrong for Louise to refuse me permission to do so—but I promised her I would not, and I must keep my word."

She walked briskly to the house where her sister lived, which was only a short distance from her home. She had in her pocketbook the card Louise had given her; she drew it out, and examined it, for she had not yet done so. The address and name were written, not printed. "Mrs. W. Morrow," said Georgie. "So that is her name. How strange it seems. Dear Lou, I have not patience to wait till to-night to tell mamma and papa."

She rang the bell and inquired for Mrs. Morrow. "Next floor, miss," said the girl who opened the door.

Before Georgie made a step, however, a gay voice called out, "Come up here, sister," and the young girl found herself clasped in the embrace of Louise.

She was dressed in a flowing white cashmere wrapper, trimmed with a profusion of floating ribbons and lace, and looked as bright and cheerful as a lark, a fact which somewhat surprised her sister.

"Come and see my boy—he's asleep." She pulled Georgie into a back room where the child lay in his cot—a staid-looking colored woman sitting by his side fanning him.

"Isn't he perfect? Dinah, this is Miss Georgie."

The woman rose and courtesied respectfully, but Georgie took her hand and pressed it warmly. "Thank you so much, Dinah, for all your goodness to my sister," she said, fervently.

She then turned to the child and extolled his beauty so highly that even Louise was satisfied.

"Come now," said the restless elder sister, "let us go into the other room, for we can't talk here on account of Ritchie; I've five hundred things to ask."

"How gay you are," said Georgie in surprise, looking around the rooms, for they were decked like a doll-house.

"Yes, the dear doctor sent all my things on to me; this is the furniture of the cottage—mirrors and all. I like mirrors, don't you?"

She turned around rapidly before one as she spoke, evidently well-pleased with what she saw reflected there; and her bright face and gay costume certainly did make a pretty picture.

Georgie was surprised, and a little pained to find Louise was the same gay frivolous butterfly she had ever been. All the sorrowful experience she had passed through had not sobered her in the slightest degree; she was the same careless little fairy, with more concern for a becoming dress or hat than for the most important events of her life.

"Perhaps it is better so," said Georgie to herself, as she watched her. "If I had gone through the same trials I would have broken my heart."

"What are you thinking of, my solemn sister?" asked Louise, turning a prouette from the mirror to face her sister.

"Nothing very solemn," said Georgie, with a bright smile; "I was only thinking how fortunate it was that you can feel so cheerful in the midst of your trouble."

"Ah! I have been thinking too—don't laugh, I have really—and I have come to the conclusion that my troubles are almost over. I've got away from Walter, and, thanks to Doctor Naylor's foresight, I've got plenty of money, and I'll prove my marriage and sue for a divorce, and Walter will have to maintain me, and I'll live here in dear, delightful New York."

"And are you not afraid he will try to take your child from you?"

"He cannot; his misconduct has destroyed all his claims on the child; besides, I can prove he attempted to poison me; that is the whip I'll hold over his head; he is very wealthy, so I'll live in comfort; and to tell the truth, that has a great deal to do with my cheerful frame of mind. You know I always hated poverty."

"But is it right to take his money when he has treated you so badly?"

Louise opened her big, black eyes to their fullest extent.

"Georgie," she said, clasping her sister in her arms with a merry laugh. "Georgie Gladwin; I know you are an angel, but you are also a goose—too much of both for this world."

This was so like one of Louise's old speeches that her sister was forced to join in the laugh. It was impossible to be in Louise's company without laughing, for her cheerfulness was infectious. Trouble could not keep her down; like the seed of the thistle, she was too light to be repressed. She arose and floated away.

"Well, Louise, you know best of course, but that is how I would feel."

"Just fancy; would you have me come home to be a burden on poor, dear over-worked papa? Besides, I have a right to his money; I am his wife, and my poor child must not suffer because his father is a villain. No, indeed—only keep all this a secret from father and mother. Why, a runaway marriage is bad enough, but if it was followed up by a divorce I really don't know what

would become of them. Now, sister, I am going to dress for our expedition to West Farms."

She proceeded to do so, attiring her small person in an elegant black silk costume, a small black bonnet with a crimson spray resting on the glossy waves of her bangs. She wore fine solitaire diamonds in her tiny ears, and was altogether as gay and happy a little woman as could be met in New York.

"Do you know, Georgie, that you are really very pretty," she said, after surveying her sister critically.

"Am I?" asked Georgie, with a smile and a blush.

"Yes, and if you are sure, perfectly certain that you are not in love, I'll make the doctor come North, for he is the only man in the world good enough to marry my angel-goose of a sister."

With such light nonsense Louise beguiled the way to the church at West Farms.

As she had anticipated, she had no difficulty in gaining access to the vestry on applying to the sexton. She turned the register over with fingers that trembled a little in spite of her strong nerve. "Here it is, Georgie," she said, pointing to the entry. "Now I shall copy it." She drew paper, pens, and ink from her satchel, and carefully copied the entry.

She then gave the man who had opened the church for her a handsome fee, and, with a light heart, started for home.

"Ritchie will be awake when we get home, and Dinah will have some kind of a meal ready for us. I am so hungry," said Louise. "We will dress the boy and all go over to see the folks at home."

She carried out her programme, and that night there was a happy household in Harlem.

Dinah and Georgie were both sworn to secrecy, and nothing was told the fond parents but what was credible and agreeable.

Louise was married to a wealthy Southerner whose business prevented him from coming North for the present. She had never written because she found her parents would not forgive her, but now she had brought her boy to plead for her. She was going to pay them a long visit, but in order to keep from quite upsetting the old home she had taken a floor near.

This was the story told, and of course the father and mother believed it and rejoiced—their child had been "dead, and lived again."

Then the grandson was so like Aunt Georgie, and had a look of grandpa, and certainly had grandma's brow and chin; and he was petted and fondled to the utmost extent.

A glad, happy household—all but Georgie, who was a little quiet; but no one noticed her, for Louise was the child who had been lost and was found.

CHAPTER XVII.—MAG SEEKS INFORMATION.

OLD Mag lost no time in seeking an interview with Emma, the servant who possessed the confidence of the lawyer's wife. Emma was a white woman, and a sort of original in her way.

She was neither old nor young, but hovered on the outskirts or borderline between youth and age. She was unmarried, and malicious tongues whispered that it was not her fault that such was the case. At all events she was greatly addicted to the practice of parting with coin of the commonwealth in exchange for peeps into the future, said peeps being always under the superintendence of old Mag.

The sagacious old woman held out strong hopes to poor Emma of a blonde man, "well-fixed," who continually hovered in the distance, and kept the maiden on the *qui vive*, or "ragged edge of anxiety."

The tortures of Santalus were trifling compared with those endured by Emma. Whenever she had her fortune told, and the form of the blind man appeared distinct, clear, and plain, Emma immediately plunged into a perfect vortex of dry-goods. She purchased, without regard to expense, hats of becoming shapes, wrought by the cunning hands of skilled milliners; also, dresses of divers shapes and colors, gloves, shoes, ribbons and laces; but these things wore out and their glory departed, and still the bland man, "well-fixed," tarried and appeared not.

She never lost heart, however; at least old Mag never allowed her to do so; for whenever she observed any signs of impatience she judiciously fanned the flame of Emma's hopes and reaped her reward, for the girl immediately purchased more new garments, and presented Mag with all the old ones.

To persons not acquainted with the credulity of some maiden ladies of uncertain years, and the skill of fortune-tellers, this seems impossible; but it was nevertheless true that Emma lived on in hope though the bland man, "well-fixed," was never more to her than the mirage of the desert to the bewildered wayfarer.

Emma had been a sure source of revenue to Mag for years, and the old woman knew just how to manage her.

She was not quite due when the thought occurred to Mag to make use of her in obtaining information on the subject of the colonel's will; but Mag well knew how to overcome that difficulty, and even turn it to good account.

With this object in view she dressed herself in her best garments, and set off to Lawyer Nickleson's house. Emma was at home and glad to see her; though her feelings on the subject of the bland man were a little acid, like preserved fruit that had been kept too long.

"Is Mrs. Nickleson at home?" asked the old woman, as she seated herself in the corner of the pantry and smiled upon Emma, who was cleaning silver.

"No, she ain't!" replied the girl, rather tartly.

"Well, I thought I'd call, for I ran the cards over for you last night, and I never saw cards run like they did."

"Yes," said Emma, drily.

"Yes, indeed; you know they won't always run, but last night everything did come out so plain; but Emma, I must tell you one thing, you've got a bitter enemy in a dark widow. She's always coming between you and your wish."

"The wretch! Who is she, I wonder?" Emma put down the sugar-bowl she had been polishing, and became interested.

"Well, I don't know; do you know any dark widow, or woman who has been married; it might be a divorced woman?"

"There—it comes like a flash—master's sister, Mrs. Haywood, came from the North last week."

"Did she? She is a widow, I suppose?"

"No, she ain't, she's divorced and I don't wonder, for she's the greatest curse I ever came across."

Emma switched a fly off the teapot as if she wished she had the lady in its place.

"Well, well—ugly I suppose?"

"Ugly as a mud fence, and as lazy as they make 'em; but I wouldn't mind that so much as her nasty meddling ways. She's just putting the mischief into missus's head!"

"Dear, dear! that's too bad, for you had such a nice easy place, and the lady thought so much of you."

"Why, of course, and that's what makes this old ghost mad; she says Mrs. Nickleson made a companion of me."

"And why shouldn't she? You have been with her all these years."

"Yes; missus and me were like two sisters before she came."

"I know that. She used to tell you everything—even to the lawyer's business."

"So she did. Why, I knew everything that she did."

"And now all is changed—too bad; but I dare say she will soon go away?"

"No, that's the worst of it; she is going to stay permanent."

"Well, I'm sorry, all your comfort is destroyed."

"Yes, and I'm thinking of leaving; she's made missus so ugly that she told me the other night when I wanted to go out, that I might limit myself to one evening a week or suit myself elsewhere."

"Did you ever hear such audacity?"

"No, never; but I ain't going to stand it!"

Emma took it out of the teapot by setting it down with such emphasis as to shorten its legs the eighth of an inch.

"I wouldn't if I was you. Now I heard a story as I came along, and I made sure you could tell me whether it was true or not."

"What was it?" Emma took off her big apron and sat down.

"Why a man told me that old Colonel Clayton made a new will before he died and left everything to his daughter Belle."

Emma nodded her head vigorously for fully a minute, screwing her mouth up very tight meanwhile, as if she was going to whistle a tune.

"Is that story true?" asked Mag, unable to control her eagerness to know.

"Well, I can't say exactly," replied Emma, unwilling to admit the limited extent of her own information on the subject.

"Surely, you know if he made a new will."

"Yes, he made a new will. Master was called in the night for him to make it, and Walter Morrow did not know it was made till after the Colonel was dead."

"But who did he leave his fortune to?" asked old Mag, impatiently.

"I don't know—neither does missus."

"Are you certain she does not?"

"If she did, how long do you think it would take me to get it out of her?" asked Emma, with a sniff of contempt.

"That's true. Well, I suppose there is no way of finding out."

Mag could not conceal her disappointment. "I'll tell you who knows—Doctor Naylor, for he was one of the witnesses."

Mag looked hopeless; the doctor knew her too well to tell her anything.

She remained and told Emma's fortune and received her reward, but she did it in a lack-lustre sort of way, and then took her departure.

What was she to do about the papers? She knew Walter Morrow was mean and penurious, but he was the one who had the money. Sebastian might be generous, but she could not believe he was wealthy. Amber had treated her so cavalierly that she did not hope for much from him. Probably the girl would consider that she ought to deliver up the papers without expecting any reward. She must receive them before she could prove her claim to Eldorado, and what guarantee would she be willing to give that Mag would receive any substantial sum when her claims were established? None whatever.

True, Sebastian had promised that if the papers were forthcoming he would pay for them, but certainly he would not be willing to pay anything like the sum Mag expected.

"If the Colonel had not left all to this girl she would not be an object of interest to Walter Morrow," said the old woman, as she trudged along. "I'll be at the old boat-house at sunset, and hear what he has got to say."

With this intention she returned to her home.

She found the key where Barty had placed it—and what was her horror on entering the house to find that she had left the key of her den in the lock. She opened the door hastily and glanced around in alarm.

"All right," she muttered, in a tone of relief. "All right—Barty has not been home—but ah! bless me, how scared I was."

After partaking of a hasty meal she set off to the beach, in order to take up a position in the old boat-house before the arrival of Walter Morrow and Amber.

CHAPTER XVIII.—AN OFFER REFUSED.

SEBASTIAN felt rather surprised when he saw Amber put on her hat after their early supper was over, and start out with her book, as if anxious for a lonely walk.

She had been painting, all day, a view from the ocean, which she had been delighted to hear would find a ready purchaser.

"And you really think some one will give me money for that?" she asked, in a surprised tone, when he had stated the fact.

"Yes. As soon as it is finished I will send it to New York. Mr. Gibson, who disposes of my pictures, will sell it."

"How delightful! I'll have some money of my own—the first I ever earned." Her face lit up with pleasure, and she turned eagerly to Sebastian: "I have to thank you for this, as well as for everything else. What would I do without you?"

Sebastian looked at the bright, glowing face earnestly. He longed to know whether this feeling of reliance upon him would grow stronger or decrease.

While she remained in this lonely, out-of-the-way spot she would no doubt be satisfied with his companionship, but should her surroundings be changed, what then? He was old enough to be her father, yet his affection for this beautiful child was not fatherly. No; he feared he was drifting into another whirlpool of wild hopes and passionate aspirations.

What would be the result if another dream of happiness was to be rudely expelled?

He was a man of strong feelings; nothing in his nature was weak or trifling. He loved earnestly as he lived earnestly. He felt and suffered more, tenfold, than a man of lighter or different temperament. With others, love might be a pastime; with Sebastian, it was a tempest—of joy or agony. Once the barque of his life had been tossed on its wild ocean of hopes, doubts and bitter certainties, and once it had been wrecked.

One the same day, the eventful 29th of July, this bright-faced girl had come to him, and he recalled Dr. Naylor's words, uttered in jest: "She will live to give you a heartache."

What if those words were prophetic? Amber could not read Sebastian's heart. She wondered when she saw him grave whether she had displeased him.

"She has gone to walk on the beach," said Sebastian, as he saw her pass lightly down the ladder and take her way in the direction of the boat-house. "I would rather she did not go alone, and yet what can harm her in this lonely spot? She'll see nothing but wild birds, and hear nothing but the voice of old Neptune."

Still he felt uneasy, and, with a look upon his face as if half-ashamed of the action, he took his way up to the tower and turned his face in the direction Amber had taken.

The girl walked rapidly on, with her book in her hand, and her heart beating quickly. What sort of man was this unknown cousin? She fancied from the way Sebastian had spoken that he had a very poor opinion of him; and certainly he had not acted a kinsman's part by her, his forlorn cousin. She would not like him, she was certain of that. Still she wondered whether he was old or young, dark or fair. How would she meet him? With gentle dignity or freezing stateliness? She had not read novels for nothing. She tried to picture up the way her favorite heroines would act.

While thus occupied with thoughts full of romance Amber suddenly caught sight of a familiar form. Seated upon her log was the young man she had met there on two occasions, and he was rising and smiling a welcome.

Now all the freezing haughtiness was most suitable to the occasion.

"Good evening," said the young man, raising his hat, and extending his hand in which he held Ivanhoe.

Amber took the volume with a stiff inclination of the head.

"I'm so glad you're come," said Walter. "I was half afraid you would not—for somehow I had an idea I had offended you."

"I did not come here for the purpose of seeing you."

She spoke and looked so coldly that Morrow bit his lips angrily.

"Ah! I thought you did; at all events you received my message."

"What message?"

"Evidently we are at cross-purposes. Did an old woman named Mag call on you and request you to meet me here?"

"No, she requested me to meet my cousin, Walter Morrow."

He started—then Mag had betrayed him. With an oath, uttered inwardly, he again smiled.

Well, as that happens to be my name, perhaps you did come to meet me after all."

"You are my cousin?"

No words could express the bitter disappointment displayed in her face, and uttered in her tone.

Walter's face grew a dark, dusky red. "I have that honor," he said, angrily.

Amber stood silently regarding him for some moments.

"Then Sebastian was right," she said, in a low tone.

"What did he say about me?" asked Morrow, resentfully.

"I do not think he said anything, except that you refused to recognize me as your cousin because my papers had been stolen from me."

"Well, at first I did feel as if the story sounded wild and improbable, but now that I have seen you I am willing to believe it."

"Has my appearance convinced you?" asked Amber, with a scornful smile curling her lip.

"Yes, for I see you are not the sort of girl I fancied."

"What sort of girl did you fancy I was?"
 "An adventuress."
 "Well, I see no reason why you should change your opinion. I am much obliged to you for returning the book, and I'll bid you good-evening."
 "Wait a moment. You are acting very foolishly. If I recognize you as my cousin you will occupy a vastly different position from the one you now hold."
 "I don't understand you. I cannot prove that I am your cousin any more now than I could when I was first taken from the spar. My belt and papers were stolen by the woman who took charge of me when Sebastian brought me ashore."
 (To be continued.)

BAR HARBOR AND MOUNT DESERT'S VARIED CHARMS.

HERETO in all the years of Mount Desert's popularity as a resort for Summer pleasure, the steamboat and stage-coach have been the only means of transportation thither after leaving Bangor, and the discomforts of the journey by these conveyances were to many so considerable as to mar the enjoyment of their vacation. There was great pleasure on the water for some, so constituted as to successfully withstand the eccentric heavings of Old Ocean, and a tinge of romance for others in mounting a "Tally-ho" coach, drawn by six white horses, in front of the Bangor House, and dashing away over rocky roads, up hill and down dale to the shores of the Desert Isle. But the steamer had its objections, and the stage-coach was rickety, even if romantic, and both were slow. So the door stood plainly open for a new enterprise—that Mount Desert branch of the Maine Central Railroad, which, first agitated by Colonel Greene, of the Grand Southern Railroad, New Brunswick, has now, through the aid of the Maine Central Company and towns along the route, become an accomplished fact. The new road has become a part of the Maine Central system, and is operated on a first-class basis. Leaving Bangor, the track winds between a range of lofty hills which stand just on the boundary-line of Penobscot and Hancock Counties, and are visible for miles around. There are many little lakes sparkling in deep, green wooded valleys, and many a noisy brook leaping away towards Union River. This is a Paradise for fishermen, perch, bass, pickerel and trout abounding in their seasons. Prettiest of all these lakes are Phillips's Pond and Reed's, the latter now called Greene's Lake, after the colonel. Phillips's used to be the Summer abode of many people from New York and other cities, who liked rest but cared not for fashion in their vacation. There is a great long, low house on the turnpike, half farmhouse, half hotel, with a great orchard stretching down the slope to the lake-side, where grow the most wonderful of cider apples. The hills that circle round throw eternal shadows into Phillips's and Greene's Lake, and a most charming sight is either pond by moonlight. The railroad just beyond crosses Union River, the lumber stream which is the main support of the little City of Ellsworth, the home of Senator Hale, near its mouth. Ellsworth was first settled in 1763, was known for a time as New Bowdoin, later named as at present, and for fifteen years past has had a city charter, being probably one of a very few "cities" in the country of that age depending until the present Summer on a stage-coach for land transportation. Half-a-dozen thousand is the population, and sawing lumber the principal business. Thirty miles of the road are now passed, and fourteen miles further is the terminus, at Grant's Point, Hancock. Here the track runs out upon a point of rocks which projects into Frenchman's Bay, the water lying between Mount Desert's northeast side and the mainland. There are all necessary buildings here, a long platform and a fine pier, built by the railroad company. The little steamboats *Queen City* and *Seneca* are ready, when the trains from Bangor arrive, to convey the passengers over the last half-dozen miles of the journey to Bar Harbor; and if the weather be pleasant, from these boats may be obtained the best possible view of those wonderful mountains where, in 1608, the French Jesuits planted their cross and named the Isle St. Sauveur. To eyes accustomed to low, flat shores, or to tame heights, these monarchs of the coast seem wonderful. They appear to rise immediately out of the water, leaving no level plat of shore when viewed from a little distance, and the illusion is not entirely dispelled until one rides from the village to their very base, a distance of several miles. From the railway terminus to Bar Harbor is but six miles, and in the last half of the trip the great resort is plainly visible, with its huge hotels, yacht fleets and electric lights. When, at your hotel in Bar Harbor, you consider that you have only traveled fifty miles in all from Bangor, and have been less than three hours on the way, over a new road, you naturally conclude that the railroad is a good thing, a big improvement, and that "the sun do move."

The railroad has taken all the stage travel and some of the water trade, but the steamboats still live. The pretty steamer *Mount Desert*, the fastest in New England, runs on the picturesque inside route among the islands to Penobscot Bay, thence across to Rockland, to connect with the larger steamers of the same line—Boston and Bangor Steamship Company—for Boston and the West. The *Mount Desert* is literally a floating palace, and, with her band and orchestra and such polite officials as Captain Mark Ingraham and Purser Charles Mason, she is deservedly popular with the tourists.

Bar Harbor has been known as a Summer resort for over two decades past, but its greatest fame has been attained within the last ten years. It is one of the villages of the town of Eden, which, with the two other towns of Mount Desert and Tremont, form the island of Mount Desert. Eden is named, presumably, from Edinburgh, Scotland. That part of the village which one sees first is not very prepossessing in appearance—it is a street lined with very plain little wooden shops, wherein are retailed such things as a seaside population requires. This is the lower half of Main Street. Further up are some very large hotels and the shops of florists. Thence on either hand extend long avenues, lined with hotels and cottages, the latter always fronted by lawns and hedged about with flowers and evergreens. The cottages nearest the village centre are plainest, the very costly houses, like Chatwood, being off along shore or perched upon some woody eminence in the background, "far from the madding crowd."

There are twenty-three regular hotels, with a host of boarding-houses, etc., and an army of tourists with a mint of money is required to make the landlord's lot a happy one. As a rule, there is nothing in the name of a Bar Harbor hotel. We know one with a very ponderous appellation

which is finished much like a skating-rink and serves villainous meals. Many of the Bar Harbor hotels are poor, but there are some good houses, easily found.

Among the considerable number of prominent people in Bar Harbor this Summer, most prominent is the Hon. James G. Blaine, Republican candidate for the Presidency, who, with part of his family, occupies a modest-looking, spacious cottage in Mount Desert Street. The family often go about to social gatherings, or ride about in their two very ordinary carriages. Mr. Blaine keeps very "shady," but occasionally his tall white hat is seen on a hotel veranda or down at the steamboat landing—a conspicuous mark because of its very tallness and whiteness, and a first-rate signal for reporters who are chasing the "Plumed Knight" around. At the cottage Mr. Blaine receives all callers with courtesy, and will even converse with a newspaper-man, but not upon politics. He is as dumb as an oyster on that subject.

The great sight at Mount Desert is the Green Mountain Railway, which ascends that noble height from the shores of Eagle Lake. This railway is said to be steeper than the Mount Washington Road. It is certainly steep enough to make the ride exciting, and may be considered a masterpiece of mechanical skill. The enterprise originated in Bangor about two years ago, and is now a paying institution. It carries one to the very summit of the mountains, 1,527 feet above the level of the sea, where on clear days may be obtained a most magnificent view of Bar Harbor, the ocean, miles of island-dotted coast, and leagues of inland forests. The Camden Hills, on the further side of Penobscot Bay, Campobello, away to the eastward, and Grand Menan, Mount Katahdin, one hundred miles away, and even the White Mountain peaks in New Hampshire, may be distinguished, with many other heights. Bar Harbor nestles seemingly at Green Mountain's very foot, and yet it is a long way from the base. The mountain is a solid mass of a sort of soft granite, entirely bare of vegetation on the upper half, and bleak in winter as any spot could be. Until a week ago a pretty hotel was perched on the summit, but it has been burned, and now in the busiest month those who go up the railroad must take their dinner in tents until a new house is built.

The present means of transportation between Bar Harbor and the foot of the mountain railway is by buckboard to Eagle Lake, thence by steamer *Wauwinet* across that water. Next year a railroad will do the carrying. Very many people do not know what a buckboard is. Well, it is a carriage composed of several seats arranged on a long, springing board, or plank, mounted on four wheels, and drawn by one or more horses. It is a light carriage, easy to get around in, and, as a New York maiden said, has "a most delightful bounce."

Much might be said as to this resort, but we will only add what nobody seems to know—why it is called "Bar Harbor." Right abreast the village is an island, and from that island to the mainland is a sand-bar, or a mud-bar, which at half-tide is out of water several feet. This is the bar that helps to make the harbor, hence the name. A Kentuckian thought it was so called on account of having a great many saloons.

L. T. S.

EXPERIENCES OF THE GREELY EXPEDITION COLONISTS.

In a recent interview with a press correspondent, Lieutenant Greely gave the following account of the experiences of the Arctic expedition while at Fort Conger: Five of the men were generally for a part of the day engaged in scientific work, under Lieutenant Greely's direction, and in the duties of the camp the rest of the men were employed generally about one hour a day, and devoted the remainder of the time to amusement. All slept in bunks. The quarters were heated by a large coal stove, the average heat maintained being fifty degrees below zero. Playing checkers, cards and chess, and reading, were the amusements of the evening. The life was said by Lieutenant Greely to be far from a lonely one, and many of the men said they had never passed two happier years than those spent at Fort Conger. On October 15th, 1881, the sun left them for 135 days, and a twilight, varying from half an hour to twenty-four hours, succeeded. For two months it was so dim that the dial of a watch could not be read by it. On April 11th, the sun came above the horizon and remained there for 135 days, giving the party a great sufficiency of midnight sun. During three months the stars were visible constantly, the constellations of Orion's Belt and the Great Bear being the brightest. The North Star looked down from almost overhead. Standing alone outside the fort on one of these nights, the scene was weirdly grand. To the North flamed the aurora borealis, and the bright constellations were set like jewels around the glowing moon. Over everything was dead silence, so horribly oppressive that a man alone is almost tempted to kill himself, so lonely does he feel. The astronomer of the party said that with the naked eye a star of one degree smaller magnitude than can be seen here in the same way might be discerned. The moon would remain in sight for from eleven to twelve days at a time.

The thermometer registered on June 30th, 1882, the highest temperature at Lady Franklin Bay which they knew during their stay. It was fifty-two degrees above zero. The lowest was in February, 1883, and was sixty-six degrees below zero. In this February the mercury froze and remained solid for fifteen days, so intense was the cold. The mercury in the thermometer invariably rose during storms or high winds. The highest barometer was slightly above thirty-one inches, and the lowest slightly below twenty-nine inches, showing a great range. The greatest variations were in the winter.

In the course of the tidal observations made, a very interesting fact was discovered—that the tides at Lady Franklin Bay come from the north, while those at Melville Bay and Cape Sabine come from the south. The temperature of this north tide is two degrees warmer than that of the south tide at Cape Sabine. Why this was, Lieutenant Greely would not venture to state. He used, in measuring the ebb and flow of the tides, a fixed gauge—an iron rod planted in the mud. The average rise of Spring tides at Lady Franklin Bay was found to be eight feet. At Cape Sabine the highest tides rise twelve feet. Surf was only observed twice during the two years. At Lady Franklin Bay the average temperature of the water was twenty-nine degrees above zero, or three degrees below the freezing point.

Wolves, weighing ninety pounds, were killed around Fort Conger, and there are foxes and other animals there. Of fish there is a wonderful scarcity. Perhaps the greatest surprise to the expedition was the taking from Lake Alexander, a fresh-water lake, fifteen feet above the sea level, of a four-pound salmon. From the bay or sea

only two very small fish were taken during the entire two years, and very few are to be found north of Cape Sabine. The vegetation at Lady Franklin Bay is about the same as at Cape Sabine, and comprises mosses, lichens, willows and saxifrage. Snowstorms are, of course, most frequent, and rain falls very rarely. The highest velocity of the wind was registered during a terrific snowstorm—seventy miles an hour.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

HORSESHOES made entirely of the horns of sheep have been tested of late in Lyons, France. Horses shod with them have been driven over a variety of pavements at a rapid pace without slipping. They are more expensive than the ordinary iron horse-shoes, but they are more durable and more readily adapt themselves to the changing size and shape of the horse's hoofs.

DR. PIETRA SANTRA injected the body of a rabbit with a solution containing two milligrammes of biniodide of mercury and that of a sheep with five milligrammes, and he asserts that, after several months, the preparation sufficed to keep the carcasses in a perfect state of preservation. Of course, this method of arresting decay will scarcely recommend itself to dealers in game or meat, or to their customers.

In a paper read before the California Wine Growers' Association an ingenious philological theory was propounded. "The old Roman wine grower," said the writer, "found in his tubs and vats the same sediment that bothers us to-day. He had no chemistry in those times, but he did have a healthy profanity. So he called the substance a 'hell of stuff,' and probably so regarded it. Hell in Latin is Tartarus, and from this ancient cuss word come in direct descent tartar, cream of tartar, and tartaric acid."

MR. BENJAMIN RHODES estimates the average power of Niagara Falls as seven million horsepower, on the total fall, including the rapids above, of 230 feet. He places the cost of a plant necessary to utilize this power, transform it into electricity and transmit it anywhere within a radius of 500 miles, at \$5,000,000,000. The economy of the power is shown by the calculation that its use instead of steam would effect a saving of \$40 per annum in the cost of running each electric light used in the City of Buffalo.

MR. A. T. WALMSLEY thus sums up in general terms the essentials of the ventilation of buildings: (1) Any scheme of ventilation to be popular must be simple. (2) The more natural and the less artificial the system may be the better. (3) When mechanical applications are resorted to they should be self-acting to as great an extent as possible. (4) When machinery is absolutely necessary to work the system adopted it should be in duplicate in case of accident or repair. The control of all the arrangements must be under skilled hands.

A WRITER in one of the medical journals argues against the common idea that carbonic acid gas is poisonous. He asserts that it is no more so than water—animals immersed in it die just as they do if immersed in water, and for the same reason, namely, want of oxygen. Birds have been made to live in an atmosphere containing 35.40 per cent. of pure carbonic acid and about an equal per cent. of oxygen. Yet, when the carbonic acid of respired air rises to one per cent., that air is very dangerous poison. The solution of this puzzle is, that respired air contains a very small proportion of poisonous organic matter, which is constantly exhaled from even the healthiest lungs; its exact nature is not known, but it is the source of the foul odor so characteristic of badly ventilated rooms. The air from the exit of pipes of a crowded hall darkens sulphuric acid, decolorizes potassium permanganate, and causes water, or a sponge saturated with it, to putrify.

MR. JOSEPH THOMSON, the leader of the Geographical Society's expedition to East Africa, has arrived in England. Mr. Thomson has suffered greatly from the hardships which he had to endure, and it will be several weeks before he regains his usual vigor. Mr. Thomson's expedition has been completely successful, and he himself estimates the results as of far greater scientific importance than those of his first expedition. The region traversed by him, from Mombassa to the north of Victoria Nyanza, is entirely volcanic, and his observations therein will be of great geological interest. There is still one volcano, west of Kilimanjaro, which shows signs of activity. Mount Kenia, though covered with trees, stands amidst a desert. The Masai, the leading people of the region explored, are of special interest. Their features, customs, dwellings, religion, language, differ markedly from those of any other African people with whom Mr. Thomson is acquainted. Fortunately besides his copious notes he has brought home many photographs, so that his forthcoming narrative is sure to be of unusual interest and value.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

AUGUST 16TH.—In Boston, Mass., John C. Park, a well-known resident, aged 60 years; in Washington, D. C., ex-Senator John Pool, of North Carolina, aged 58 years. August 17th.—In New York, Mortimer Ward, known from his connection with Commodore Garrison in business, aged 54 years. August 18th.—In Milwaukee, Wis., Dr. David W. Perkins, one of the representative men of that city, aged 68 years; in Washington, D. C., Mary Clemmer Hudson, authoress and newspaper correspondent; in Philadelphia, Pa., Dr. Joseph Janvier Woodward, surgeon in the United States army, aged 52 years. August 19th.—In Jersey City, N. J., ex-Mayor David S. Manners, aged 76 years; in New York city, John Riley, a well-known business man, aged 79 years; in Pittsburgh, Pa., James H. Hill, president of the National Bank of Commerce, and an old citizen, aged 69 years. August 20th.—In Jersey City, N. J., James R. Dey, a leading citizen, aged 60 years; in France, Leonce Petit, painter and caricaturist, aged 45 years; in Newburg, N. Y., the Rev. Eli Denniston, for sixty-three years a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, aged 88 years. August 21st.—In Washington, D. C., Judge Jacob H. Ela, aged 65 years; in Hartford, Conn., Dr. Charles Walter Chamberlain, Secretary of the State Board of Health of Connecticut, aged 40 years. August 22nd.—At Wilkesbarre, Pa., ex-Judge John Leisenring, of Mauch Chunk, aged 65 years; in Huntsville, Ala., General Leonidas Pope Walker, one of the most prominent lawyers of that State; in Canajoharie, N. Y., the Rev. John B. Steele, said to be the oldest Reformed minister in the world, aged 85 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Missouri Prohibitionists have nominated Rev. John A. Brooks for Governor.

MR. JOHN KING, JR., will succeed Mr. Hugh J. Jewett as President of the Erie Railway Company.

M. VICTOR CAPOUL, the well-known tenor, is to marry the daughter of a wealthy English landowner.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN, of the Diocese of Philadelphia, was last week installed with imposing ceremonies.

EMMA ABBOTT has returned from Paris. She is endeavoring to induce Gounod to compose a new opera for her.

EX-SENATOR DAVID DAVIS has decreased his weight within three years from three hundred to two hundred and forty-one pounds.

A LONDON dispatch says that Madame Patti has signed a contract with Mr. Mapleson to sing in America the coming Winter, and next Summer in England.

JOE JEFFERSON is known as an accomplished landscape painter, as well as a great actor. He painted scenes, as well as acted, when a young man. Salary, \$18 per week.

MASTER MICHAEL BANNER, a young American, who appeared three years ago in the symphony concerts in New York, has obtained the first prize for violin playing at the examination of the Paris Conservatory of Music.

BRONSON HOWARD, the American dramatist, has succeeded in making himself noted in London as an expert bicyclist, doing occasionally twenty miles on the stretch, which is a better run than some of his plays have attained.

THE Abbe Franz Liszt, the famous pianist, has sent an autograph letter to his friends denying the story that he had become blind at Bayreuth. He says he is able to work without difficulty. The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar has granted the Abbe an annuity of \$1,500.

KING LUDWIG of Bavaria has the finest horses in his stables, and soon ruins them by hard riding. Sometimes his Majesty rises in the night, has a black steed saddled, and dashes off at a whirlwind speed up and down the hill roads—which are well kept for that reason—like a phantom horseman pursued by some relentless degree of the supernatural powers.

THE Rev. Bernardo A. Thiel, Roman Catholic bishop of Costa Rica, is in Washington, studying ethnology at the Smithsonian Institution. He is an exile, having been banished from Costa Rica for protesting against the establishment at San José of a high school without any provision for religious instruction; but he will probably soon return home, it being understood that the Government is now willing for him to do so.

HANS MAKART, the greatest of Austrian painters, is at Reichen Hall, the summering-place in the Upper Bavarian mountains, hopelessly insane. The disease began to show itself recently in melancholy and stupidity and has now so much developed that his doctors have ordered him to confinement in the insane asylum. It is now known that nearly all the members of the great painter's family have suffered from insanity in various degrees.

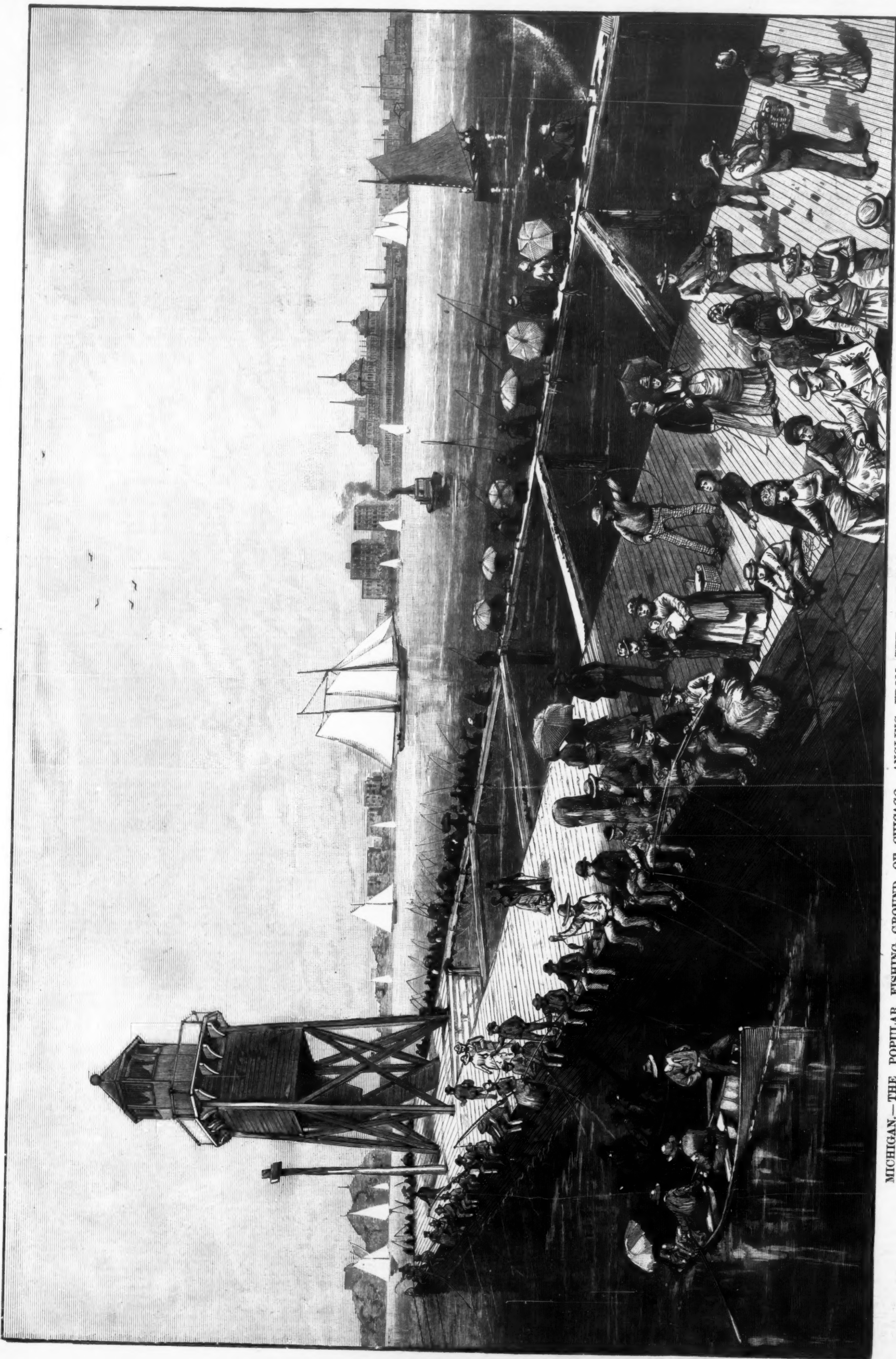
JOHN FISKE surprised the Concord philosophers in his paper on "The Origin and Destiny of Man," by rising above the Spencerian level to the conception of a physical evolution as true and as inevitable as the physical, and carrying man under new leadings into possibilities so great that the totality of the universes must be required for their development. The spiritual element is, in fact, necessary to the completeness of the scheme of evolution, and it is gratifying to find the Harvard evolutionist convinced of immortality.

A CORRESPONDENT who recently saw the Baroness Burdett-Coutts in her box at the Lyceum Theatre, describes her as a little meek-faced creature, utterly without style or distinction in either appearance or manner. Her hair is of a muddy-brown, and is now parted in the middle, and either plastered smoothly down over the temple or on state occasions slightly inflated on either side, giving her the appearance of being about to lose her blinders. She has small, light blue eyes, a straight mouth, thin lips, and a small nose, not at all an unpleasant face, and the furthest in the world from a severe one.

BISMARCK has thrown over another lifelong friend. Dr. Struck, formerly his physician, incurred his enmity by refusing to meet in consultation the homeopathist, Dr. Schwenniger, whom it was one of the Iron Chancellor's whims to employ, and from that moment has been getting successive snubs from his imperious friend. A place was refused him on the International Health Commission, and he has consequently retired from the Imperial Board of Health, of which he was President. Meantime, the lucky Schwenniger is rising higher and higher. His latest appointment is to a professorship at Berlin University, much to the disgust of the orthodox teachers of medicine.

SIR WILLIAM THOMSON, the great English scientist, now in this country, has been engaged to deliver a course of lectures at John Hopkins University. He will attend the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science now now in session at Montreal, the Electrical Exhibition to open in Philadelphia on September 2d, the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science to open in the same city on September 3d, and on October 1st he will go to Baltimore, where he will deliver twenty lectures in as many consecutive days, exclusive of Sundays, to the students of John Hopkins University. His eminent position as a scientist will command the attention of intelligent people throughout the whole country.

MRS. LUCY H. HOOPER, writing of the recent examinations at the Paris Conservatoire, says: "Our young and gifted little countrywoman, the girl-violinist, Miss Nettie Carpenter, of Brooklyn, carried off her first prize this time in a most brilliant fashion. She well deserved this crowning consecration of her talent, for she has worked hard and perseveringly, turning a deaf ear to all the well-meant but injudicious counsels of those who would have had her abandon her studies some time ago, and start on a professional career as a musical prodigy. She now leaves the Conservatoire, bearing with her the highest honors that can be gained in that establishment, and with a career, not as a phenomenon but as an *artiste*, opening brightly before her. She is a pretty, graceful, intelligent girl, now about fourteen."



MICHIGAN.—THE POPULAR FISHING-GROUND OF CHICAGO.—ANGLING FROM THE GOVERNMENT DOCK ON LAKE MICHIGAN OPPOSITE THE CITY.
FROM A SKETCH BY C. BUNNELL.—SEE PAGE 21.

the sea in a body is a new and significant departure, and illustrates the wide influence of the great modern scientific movement. Some of the members will no doubt attend the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which is to be held in Philadelphia next month.

GENERAL RUSSELL A. ALGER,
REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN.

GENERAL RUSSELL A. ALGER, the Republican candidate for Governor of Michigan, is well known in that State as lawyer, soldier and man of business. He was born in Lafayette township, Medina County, O., February 27th, 1836. Left at the age of eleven, together with a younger brother and sister, by the death of his parents, to take care of himself, he worked during the greater part of seven years on a farm in Richfield, O., saving money enough to defray his expenses at the academy of that place during the Winter terms. In this way he obtained a good English education, and was enabled to teach school. He began the study of the law



LORD RAYLEIGH, PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

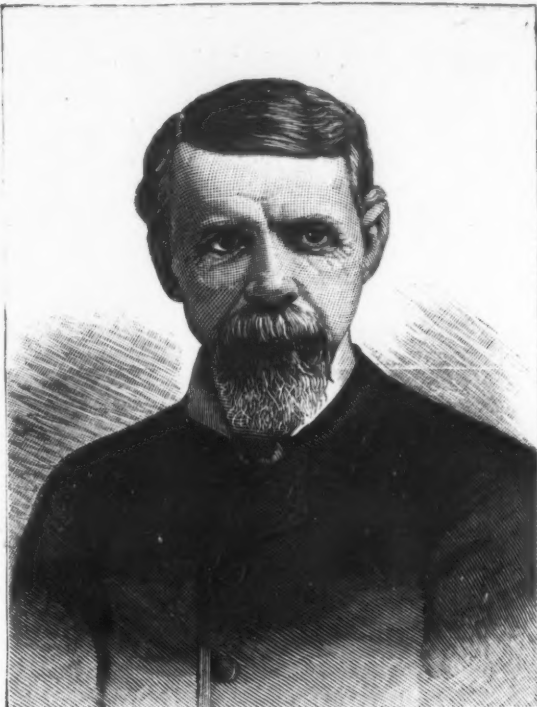
THE BRITISH SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.
LORD RAYLEIGH.

PROFESSOR LORD RAYLEIGH (John William Strutt), who presides over the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, now in session in Montreal, is England's ablest mathematician. He was born November 12th, 1842, and succeeded to his father's title in 1873. As a student at Cambridge he made a brilliant record, attaining in the severe competitions the highest honors of Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prize man. He is a fellow of Trinity College and of the Royal Society, and Professor of Experimental Physics at Cambridge. Among his published works are various scientific memoirs and an important treatise on sound. During its existence of over half a century, the British Association has had several noble presidents, such as the late Prince Albert, the Dukes of Argyll and Northumberland, and Lord Wrottesley. The nobleman now presiding at Montreal is not merely a lord, but a man whose distinguished abilities have won him honor and served the world of science. During the present session he is to deliver an address on "A Step Towards a Kinetic Theory of Matter."

The coming of the members of the British Association across



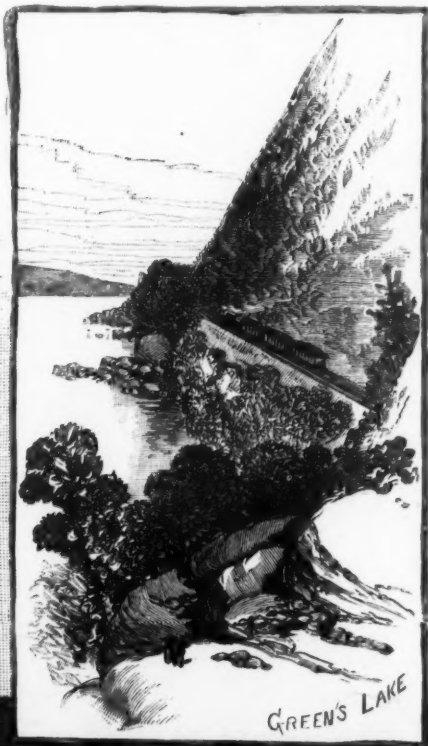
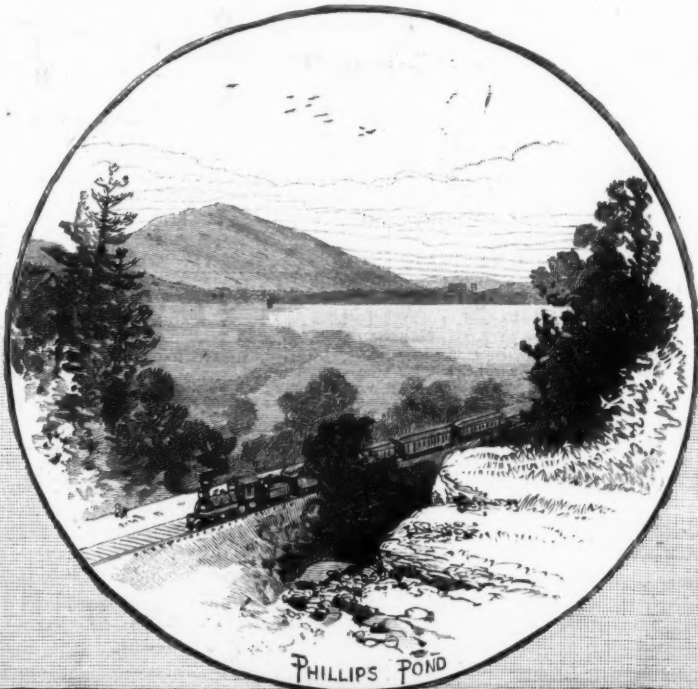
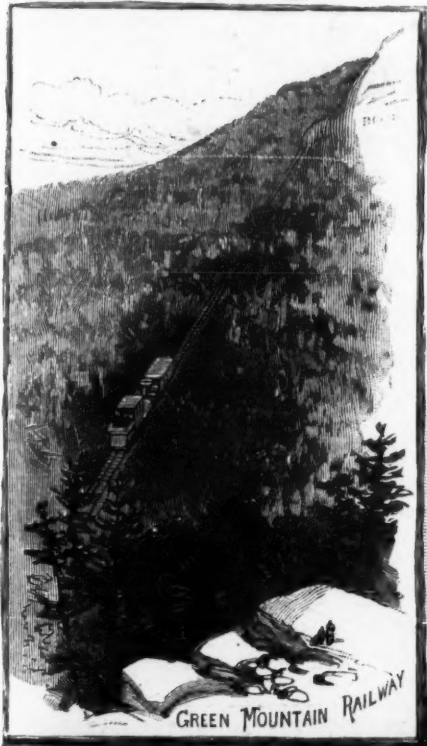
OHIO.—FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CLEVELAND, BIRTHPLACE OF THE WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.
FROM A SKETCH BY T. B. EYRES.—SEE PAGE 30.



MICHIGAN.—GEN. RUSSELL A. ALGER, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.
PHOTO. BY RANDALL.

at Akron in 1857, and two years later was admitted to the Bar. Removing to Cleveland, he soon found that his health was suffering from overwork, and gave up the law to engage in the lumber business at Grand Rapids, Mich. When Michigan was called upon to furnish troops for the late war, Mr. Alger enlisted in the Second Michigan Cavalry, and was mustered into the service as captain of Company C. His record as a cavalry officer was brilliant and honorable to himself and to his company. In all he took part in sixty-six battles and skirmishes, fighting under Sheridan and Custer, and receiving two wounds. He became successively major, lieutenant-colonel and colonel; and on his retirement on account of ill-health in October, 1864, he was breveted brigadier-general and major-general for "gallant and meritorious services in the field."

General Alger went to Detroit in 1865, and since that time has been extensively engaged in the pine timber business and in dealing in pine lands. He was a member of the well-known firm of Moore & Alger until its dissolution, when he became head of the firm of R. A. Alger & Co., the most extensive pine timber operators in the West. General Alger is now president of the corporation of Alger, Smith & Co., which succeeded R. A. Alger & Co. He is also president of the Manistique Lumbering Company and president of the Detroit, Bay City and



MT. DESERT FERRY TO BAR HARBOR

MAINE.—VIEW OF BAR HARBOR AND POINTS OF INTEREST AT AND NEAR THAT RESORT.
FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 27.

Alpena Railroad Company, besides being a stockholder and director of the Detroit National Bank, the Peninsular Car Company, and several other large corporations.

While always an active and influential Republican, General Alger has never sought nor held a salaried office. He was a delegate from the first district to the last Republican National Convention, but aside from this his connection with politics has not extended beyond the duties of every good citizen to his party and his country.

General Alger is a fine-looking man of forty-eight, with a good forehead, rather prominent nose, iron-gray moustache and chin whiskers. He is a man of considerable general culture, a hard worker, a lover of fine horses, and a popular person in business and social relations. He is married, and has an interesting family.

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CLEVELAND, OHIO.

THE First Presbyterian Church, but more familiarly known as "the old stone church on the square," is one of the oldest landmarks in Cleveland. This edifice has quite a history, and possesses an especial interest to temperance reformers, as it was within its walls that the Women's Christian Temperance Union had its birth, at a meeting held April 30th, 1874. This meeting had been called to listen to a report of results of the wonderful campaign prosecuted under the control of about 1,500 women composing the Women's League, at Cleveland, and here the order was founded which has since spread all over the land. The church stands on the corner of Ontario Street, facing the public square, in the centre of the business part of the city. It was first built and dedicated in 1834. Subsequently it was torn down, and a larger one erected in the years 1854-55. This was destroyed by fire on the 6th of March, 1858, leaving but the bare walls standing. It was again rebuilt and dedicated January 3d, 1858, being again partially burned by the Park Theatre fire in December, 1883. It has now again been thoroughly refitted up, and it is to be hoped that it may not again be subjected to the ravages of the fire-fiend.

A PLEASANT BOOK.

"JESSICA: OR, A DIAMOND WITH A BLEMISH." A Novel by Mrs. W. H. WHITE. New York: G. W. Carleton & Sons.

This story is admirably told, and the authoress is entitled to a "praise proudly won." She tells her story plainly and straightforwardly, and there is neither digression nor padding. She reproduces with much fidelity the lights and shadows of life as it "goeth and tarrieth," and secures sympathy of her readers from her start in "Catherine Street, on the Twenty-third day of December, in the year of our Lord Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-six." As an example of Mrs. White's vivid powers of description we recommend Chapter X: "Saratoga Spa and its Vicinity." For "Jessica" we have no feeling but that of a genuine admiration.

HE CAUGHT THE SPEAKER'S EYE.

"I was reporting," said an old newspaper man, "for the *Evening Intelligence* at the Missouri capital during the earliest days of the war. Nineteen-tenths of the Missouri Legislature, like nine-tenths of her citizens outside of St. Louis, were 'secesh,' and every man had gone to the State armory and secured a musket and cartridges. They sat in the Assembly thus armed, expecting every moment to hear of the arrival of Lyons and his Dutch troops. Lyons came in a day or two, and the Assembly adjourned to meet at Neosho, somewhere near the borders of the Indian Territory, whither they were accompanied by Governor Calhoun Jackson and the whole of the State administration. In the House of Representatives was a member from Pulaski County, named Ellis, and he, though a well-built and courageous man, had a thin, piping voice that seldom enabled him to catch the Speaker's eye or ear. On the day before the adjournment to Neosho great excitement prevailed. Every member had some motion to offer or some speech of importance—to him—to make, and amid the confusion it was more than usually difficult for the member from Pulaski to gain an audience. In response to his feeble 'Mr. Speaker,' the deep voice of the chair would recognize 'the gentleman from Buchanan,' 'the gentleman from Jackson,' but never 'the gentleman from Pulaski.' Ellis got tired of this, and, finally grasping his musket, rose in his seat, and, leveling the gun at the chair, said, in a thinner treble than before, 'M. Speaker.' The response was prompt, and 'the gentleman from Pulaski' caught the Speaker's eye with no more ado."

JOHN BRIGHT ON THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

In his great speech at Birmingham on the occasion of the recent Franchise demonstration, John Bright spoke thus of the House of Peers:

"It was once said in ages past—whether it was a dream or not I will not say—that the path to the temple of honor lay through the temple of virtue, but the lawmaking peer, he never dreams that he is going to the temple of legislative honor through the temple of virtue. But if he does not know, we all know that he goes into the temple of honor through the sepulcher of a dead ancestor."

"We will go a little further. When he has once entered this temple of honor you need not be reminded that he has gone there without nomination such as your own representatives in the House of Commons must have. He has gone there without any contest with conflicting opinion in any constituency. He has gone there without any cost of labor or of money to enable him to take his seat in the Legislative Assembly where he appears. You will recollect, however, that in his case there is no dissolution of Parliament. Whatever be the list, long or short, of follies or of crimes which he has committed, there is no punishment that can be inflicted upon him as there is by a constituency upon a member who neglects or betrays them. And, in point of fact, there is no such thing as political death, but with the peer there is a political immortality. Well, it is not to be wondered at that this state of things should beget a condition of feeling which is not favorable to popular rights and to popular interests. I was struck the other day with a few words which I saw in one of the *Psalms* of old times. If you turn to the seventy-third *Psalms* you will find the words I am going to read. Speaking of some very unpleasant and troublesome people in his day, the Psalmist says: 'They are not in trouble as other men—neither are they plagued like other men.' Therefore," he says, "pride compasseth them about as a chain; they speak wickedly concerning oppression; they

speak loftily." It becomes you to consider this fact, that every bill which becomes an act or a law in this country must pass through their hands and depend upon their vote.

"The additions to the House of Lords may make it more powerful and more numerous, but I have never found that they make it more liberal. Listen to this fact. During the last three years there have been fifty new members enter the House of Lords, not by creation—a few of them only by creation. In the bulk by successions to their fathers. But when they go in they do as their fathers did. Some of them do much worse than their fathers. The fact is, the breed remains unchanged, and the atmosphere is unchanged, and the honor of Peers is unchanged. There is no power under heaven that can change them, and it rests with our countrymen. The fact is that privilege everywhere tends to beget ignorance and selfishness and arrogance. In the House of Commons coming from the people there is always a growing sense that liberty and justice are necessary for a free people—in the House of Peers, as they have come from their fathers and not from their country, they are less disposed to act than the Commons. I will ask you what would have become of this country if the Lords—the majority of the Lords—had ruled unchecked for the last fifty years? By this time the country would have been enslaved or ruined, or a revolution would have swept them away—it might possibly have swept away even the venerable monarchy itself."

A PALACE ON WHEELS.

WHAT is said to be the finest car ever built has just been completed by a Wilmington (Del.) firm. It was built for the use of the President of the Argentine Republic. The whole framework of the car is of iron, made of channel and eye beams cross-blocked with iron tubes. Even the platform framework is of iron instead of wood. The running gear consists of first-class four-wheeled trucks, with thirty-six-inch Page steel-tired wheels, French's elliptic and coil springs and the ordinary hand brakes. The whole exterior of the car body, both frame and panels, is built of solid San Domingo mahogany, and it presents a most striking appearance. On the centre panel is emblazoned the coat-of-arms of the Argentine Republic. The letter boards on the sides contain the words "Fero Carril Andino." Both platforms are inclosed at the sides with solid mahogany paneled doors. The different compartments of the car are finished in solid woods, mahogany, cherry and oak, richly carved by hand. The ceilings are of oak, elaborately ornamented with gold bronze and colors inlaid with carved panels and bronze plaques. The deck lights are of embossed glass in pivoted sash, and around the base is a border of Wall of Troy in marquetrie. Pendant from the ceiling are elaborately ornamented double nickel-plated chandeliers. The floor of the entire car is of cherry and maple, and is covered with carpet of the richest Axminster of neat patterns. The windows are very large, with double mahogany sash, each containing a French plate glass 34 by 34 inches. They are fitted with spring roller curtains and curtain lambrequins of tapestry, lined with Florentine silk, hung on mahogany poles. The ends of the car and all of the bulkheads are richly carved by hand, many of the designs on the panels representing different varieties of birds and water fowls, being superb specimens of artistic skill. All the metal trimmings are nickel-plated. The vestibule itself is grand, but the main saloon is an apartment of almost Oriental luxury, the bulkheads, sides and all the paneling being most elaborately carved and the oak ceiling inlaid with costly carved panels of bronze work. It contains five beveled plate mirrors, the largest being four feet square. The blue tapestry curtains, in addition to the rich lining of Florentine silk, are hung with silk tassels. The furniture is superb. Next to the saloon is the President's stateroom, containing a permanent bed, supplied with a mattress and mattress spring, bedding, blankets, counterpanes and a spread and pillow shams of white hand-made lace, lined with cherry silk and ornamented with the monogram of the Argentine Republic in the centre of each. It is hung with Turcoman curtains and has drawers beneath for bed linen, personal underwear, etc. Opposite stands a handsome mahogany secretary and carved back mahogany chairs, upholstered in rugs and plush. All the furniture is supplied with linen covers. It also has a large beveled glass mirror. The entrance is through a sliding door opening into the passage-way which leads from the grand saloon to the platform at the opposite end. Adjoining the stateroom is a private toilet room, furnished in solid oak, with a wardrobe with beveled mirror-glass panels in its door. It is fitted with other mirrors, marble-top washstands and bathtub, which are supplied from a large water tank beneath the car by means of a nickel-plated hand pump.

FUN.

The man who lost his equilibrium while swinging in a hammock found it again when he struck the ground.

"Smoking is said to prevent cholera. It is doubtless the street-cigar that puts the microbes to a horrible death."

"William Astor's new yacht will cost \$25,000 a year to maintain." We didn't suppose it was so expensive to board a yacht.

"Ah, Mr. Hebbleton, I hear that you have been called to the ministry." "Well, I can scarcely term it a call. They only offered me \$500 a year. Sort of a whisper, you understand."

A MICHIGAN paper prints a pump at the head of its first page. Lest it should be mistaken for a prohibitory organ, it announces in another column that it "particularly represents the dairy classes of W— County."

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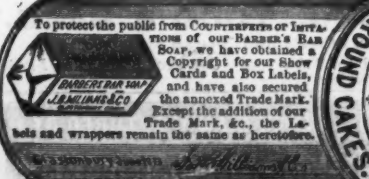
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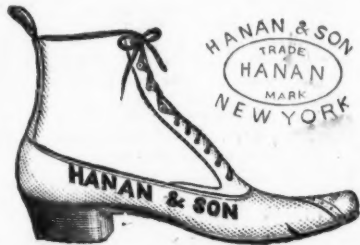
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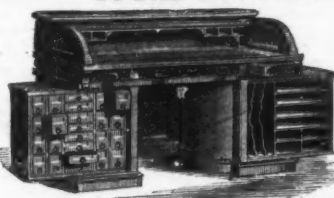
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